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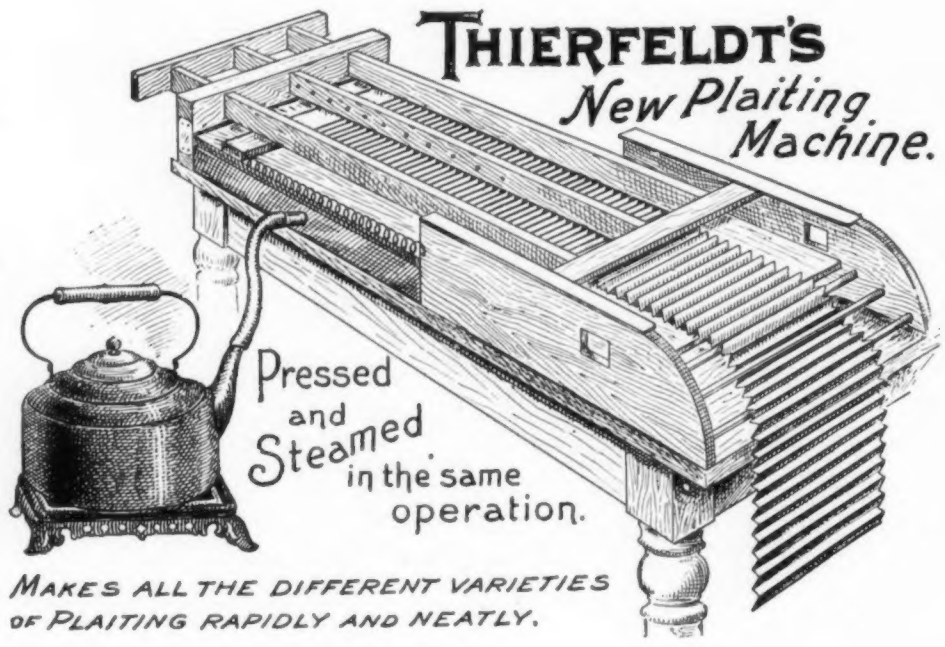
853 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

THIERFELDT'S NEW PLAITING MACHINE

This machine makes French Accordion, American Accordion, Pineapple, Side or Knife and Box Plaits. It works much faster than the old-fashioned accordion plaiter. It is offered to the public as the result of long and expensive experiment, the aim of the manufacturer being to produce a machine that would combine simplicity and cheapness with capacity for doing all the different varieties of plaiting rapidly and neatly.

THE MACHINE HAS BEEN TRIED WITH ENTIRE SUCCESS ON ALL KINDS OF MATERIAL USED IN DRESSMAKING, ETC.

Thierfeldt's Plaiter is the only plaiter on the market that makes more than one style of plaiting.



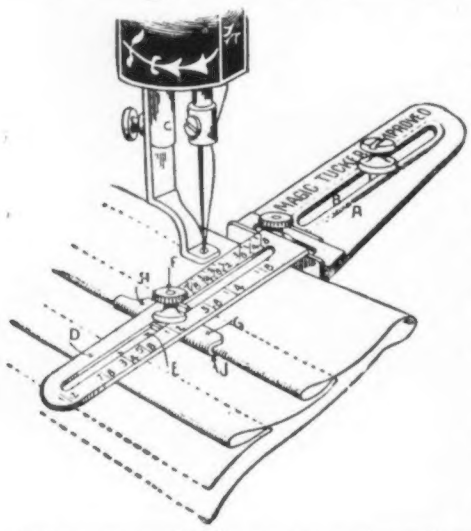
MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF PLAITING RAPIDLY AND NEATLY.

Any kind of material can be plaited on this plaiter. Plaiting can be made from one inch up, on any of the different widths of plaiters.

As the plaits are made, they are neatly pressed and steamed in the same operation. With all these advantages, the machine is so simple that a mere explanation of the parts will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to handle it ; of course, the more a person handles it the more perfect and rapidly the work will be turned out.
To make plaiting that will **STAY IN** is an art not too well known.
This is the only place in the United States where all kinds of plaiting are well and thoroughly made.

Plaiting Machines from $1.00 up.

Magic Tucker, Price $1.00.



Fits all machines.
Is easily put on or taken off of machine.
Has no spring to break. Can not get out of order.
Always ready when needed.
Does not touch the foot or feed of machine.
Does not cut, pull or stretch the goods.
Tucks the lightest and most delicate as well as the heaviest goods.
Makes the smallest pin tuck to the largest tuck.
Width of tuck and space between perfectly even and uniform. Will last a lifetime.
Does the work in one-fourth the time, as compared with other tuckers.

TUCKS WITHOUT CREASING.

Tucks Silks, Flannels, Woolens without basting or measuring. Box plaits Silks and other goods without leaving crease in center of plait.

The Magic Ruffler and Braider, Price 50c.

And a great wonder it is to any one that sees it. They all wonder why it wasn't invented long ago. It is a simple device that in a moment's time can be slipped on the regular sewing foot of any sewing machine and it will gather, shirr or puff all kinds of fabric any fullness desired. And it is so simple that any one can use it without practice. No lady that has a machine can afford to be without one for ten times its cost. Buy one and you will never fool any more time away with an old-fashioned ruffler as you can gather a ruffle while you are adjusting the other. Besides, you can do the work so much nicer, as the work is before you same as plain sewing.

POINTS ABOUT THE MAGIC RUFFLER AND BRAIDER

1.—It is such a great wonder that in order to appreciate it, one has to see it in operation.

2.—It is as well worth $5 00 as the old dollar kind is worth 5 cents and everyone will say so that buys one and uses it.

3.—**It is the most wonderful and most useful sewing machine attachment ever invented.**

4.—It is the greatest seller of any novelty ever put on the market as it sells at sight.

5.—Absolutely reliable and with an excellence that has never been approached by any other attachment.

Have you a sewing machine? If so, you will bless the day you purchased the "Magic Ruffler and Braider."

It is worth all it costs every time you have a ruffle to make or any gathering or braiding to do. *Agents Wanted.*

NEW YORK DRESS PLAITING CO.,

143, 145 and 147 East Twenty-third Street,

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS. NEW YORK.

THERE are more bonnets, suitable to elderly people, than for some seasons past. Close garlands of small flowers, clusters of violets, or rosebuds, quince or cherry, peach or pear blossoms, with foliage, are used. Rosettes of narrow ribbon or of straw braid, in loops, or of broader ribbon gathered flat, and with jeweled centers, are very popular. Other rosettes are of quills, usually in black and with jet centers, and are so flat as to be almost of the nature of medallions.

Velvet ribbon, whether in black or colors, enters largely into the composition of these bonnets. One very handsome model was of fine black Chantilly lace over white chiffon. A wreath of pink crushed roses was arranged across the front, coming well down at the sides, and over this a coronet of graduated interlacing jet rings. The only other garniture was a tuft of shaded green velvet ribbon with "fish tail" ends. The strings were long, boa-like ends of the black lace and white accordion plaited chiffon.

* * *

Cherries are a favorite design in the applications and incrustations of the season. Sometimes they appear in a sort of passementerie, woven or embroidered in colors. Again they are pastilles of cherry colored velvet, applied to a lace pattern showing leaves, and some conventional device, that by a stretch of the imagination may be made to represent stems. Sometimes the cherries in the latter case, are represented merely by white or black velvet pastilles, sometimes both being utilized in the same gown. Grapes and vine leaves are equally effective. A superb gown of pale blue crêpe météor had a flounce of very flexible black satin, and a design of grapes, with twining stems, tendrils and foliage, beautifully executed in silver thread over the entire gown. That the transition from black to pale-blue should not be too sudden, a portion of the skirt was irregularly overlaid with black chiffon, the edge being concealed by the appliqué embroidery. The blouse, perfectly simple in outline, carried out the same design, a yoke being composed of black satin and finished about the throat with point lace appliqué in dead white, the silver vine embroidery being continued even here, and irregularly overlaid upon and blending with the point lace.

Embroidery and appliqué of various sorts are extensively used upon tub gowns, the favorite being the old-fashioned French embroidery in satin stitch, worked into the fabric itself. This is seen upon piqué and linen as well as upon nainsook and mull. Appliqué of one cotton stuff upon another, buttonholed or finished in long and short stitch in linen thread is also very handsome. Another charming decoration is of bias folds of the cotton or linen, arranged to form a Greek key pattern, a scroll, or some other conventional device, and joined by fagotting in linen thread. The drawn linen stitches are sometimes used in this way, the center of the medallion or ornament being formed by one or another of the various spider webs.

In short, every form of decoration which appears upon fancy tailor-made models, appears also on the washable, or what is the fad of the moment to call "tub" frocks.

Much of the lace of the season shows the filet or square mesh, even the Irish crochet is sometimes made upon a square meshed background. A revival of an old garniture is the darned lace, a pattern being formed upon the plain net by threading or darning in and out in a matching or contrasting color. This work is easy, goes quickly and is very effective. In a very coarse meshed net fine chenille is occasionally used but more frequently the whole strand of filo. Coarse grained linen is sometimes darned or run in the same way, and a charming gown of écru canvas was ornamented in this fashion with arabesques in a pale soft blue.

* * *

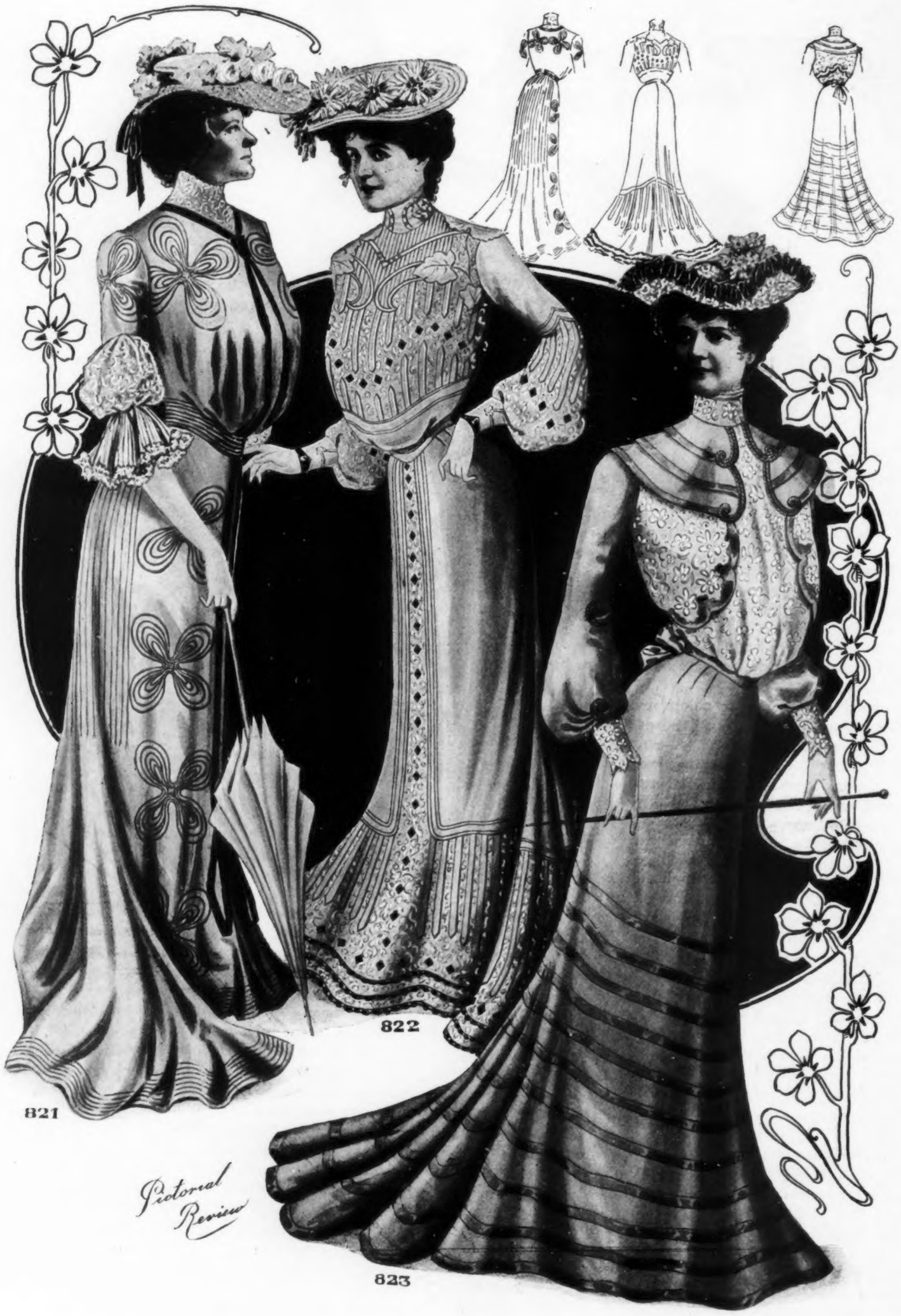
Many of the transparent materials, grenadine, Brussels net, brocaded gauzes or similar fabrics, in black, white or colors, are made up over slips of gauze or chiffon, printed in Pompadour designs and colorings. The delicate gayety of the result is perfect. The colors are sometimes repeated in the trimmings but the effect is more elegant if the coloring is subdued in tone. Colored laces are greatly in vogue. Chantilly is to be found in pale-gray, yellow, blue, pink and sea-green, as well as in black, white and cream. The beautiful Luxcuil lace shows flowers in color, with green leaves on an arabesque back-ground of cream. This lace also comes in cream silk and in white linen. Woolen lace is also used, but sparingly. So far it has been more seen in dark blue, linen colorings and deep cream.

The fancy for white foundations for all black transparent fabrics still continues. Spangled effects are much lighter in design, nothing being seen of the scale armor effects which were the craze several years ago, and which remained popular long after the lighter and more delicate spanglings began to be worn. When spangles are seen at all, the present taste is to have them lightly strewn at considerable distances apart, for a back-ground, the design which is rarely heavy in character, being picked out by the massing of the brilliant morsels.

Rhine stones are used for this purpose, but follow the rules for the spangles, not being massed but scattered at intervals usually upon rather heavy lace, and forming centers of flowers, or veining the raised foliage. These gowns are indescribably brilliant, but are very heavy to wear, and inclined to drag. They show none of the myriads of accordion plaited ruffles of chiffon, without which no such gown was complete so short a time ago. They are placed inside the gown, and only appear when the skirt is lifted, the requisite flare being given by a shaped flounce, the mounting arranged in such a way as to be imperceptible.

* * *

The shirt waist suit appears this season in every conceivable material. Some forms are so decorated as to lose claim to the title. Many quite handsome frocks of veiling or foulard, made up over silk with open worked seams, and sailor or cape collars of exquisite lace are put forth under the humble and misleading term that should designate simplicity itself. Even the shirt waist suits, so called, of linen in the natural or blue tints, are in many cases inclined to over elaboration.



SUMMERY GOWNS OF CRÊPE AND FOULARD.

(Described on page 29.)

The Malingerer.

By E. I. T.

TO us, of an older growth, "the War" means but one thing, and that not the late Spanish-American complication. We remember with shock that "the War" has been over more than a third of a century, long enough to eliminate all bitterness, long enough to confirm the reputation of many a popular hero, and to shatter that of many another, but not long enough to obliterate the memories of those memorable years.

Especially is this true to those who played a part, however small, in this great internal struggle, that threatened to rend our country in twain.

In our small town feeling ran very high. We were near enough to make it desirable to found a local hospital somewhere in the neighborhood, and great were the rejoicings, if that is the proper word, triumph rather, that we had obtained the coveted privilege over our rival town of A——. Alas! before the war was over, all had their full quota of the ill and suffering.

The next burning question was as to who should preside. Trained nursing, as we now understand it, was then in its infancy, and it was considered quite a matter of course that young and inexperienced girls should be set to nurse and dress the wounds of the most seriously sick and wounded. Every girl had dreams of becoming a possible Florence Nightingale, with the soldiers turning to kiss her shadow upon the wall as she passed, like an angel of mercy, upon her mission of healing. The drudgery of nursing, however, soon dispelled these girlish visions, but many noble women were all the nobler for their trying experiences in those historic times.

At the height of the excitement regarding the organization of our local hospital, I went away for a few days to visit friends in a nearby county, and was greatly surprised to receive a telegram announcing that I had been chosen as superintendent. It was the first telegram I had ever received, and I never see a telegraph messenger to-day, approaching with his yellow envelope, without a reminiscent thrill of the horrified suspense that vibrated my heart strings, before we knew for whom it was intended or what was its purport. My father, who had despatched it, never sent me another.

The appointment, through so amazing to me, was after all, considering the times, very natural. Twenty-three was not looked upon as first youth as it is now, but an age when one had presumably attained years of discretion. My father was a judge of the circuit court and the chief man of his town, and I had kept his house for nearly ten years. In addition my mother had been an invalid for several years before her death, and I had had what was then regarded as considerable experience in the care of the sick, as well as a measure of executive ability.

Upon my return, I found the hospital partially organized, and a few patients already installed. They had caused a perfect furore among the women of the town, gentle and simple alike, and they were literally swamped with offerings of all sorts, sweets and unwholesome dainties of every sort in addition to the jellies and chicken broth, which we all regarded as the only pabulum for the sick. This, be it remembered, was in the very commencement. Later on absolute necessaries became all too scarce, often utterly unobtainable.

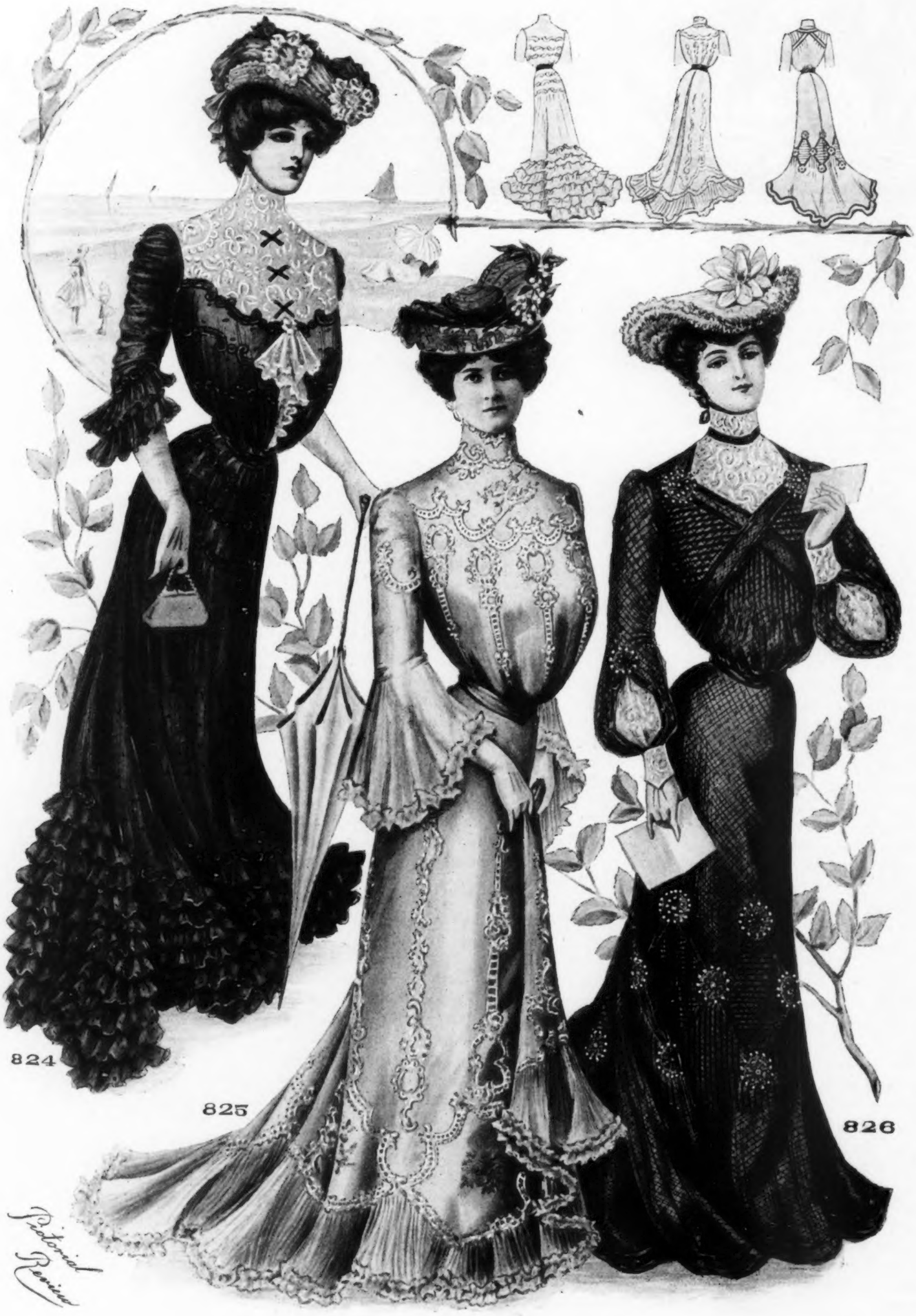
The visiting at the hospital soon became so unreasonable in its dimensions as to call for the imposition of very rigid restrictions, which naturally caused great disaffection among the townspeople against those in authority. That could not, of course, be helped, but we had ample reason for our line of conduct. One of the belles of the neighborhood was discovered feeding chocolate eclairs to a patient with advanced gastric trouble, which accounted fully to those in charge for the patient's failure to respond to a certain course of treatment heretofore inexplicable to the doctor as well as to the nurses. And when the head nurse discovered her own aunt, a dear old lady, surreptitiously offering a green apple to a typhoid convalescent, saying, "Eat a nice sweet apple, honey, it won't do you a mite of harm," the proverbial last straw had been loaded upon the too complaisant camel. The back of this camel, however, did not follow the time honored custom of tradition. Quite the contrary. He rose in his might, turned upon his persecutors, and went forth a free camel. A protracted visit to the East has since convinced me that the adjective "patient," as applied to that animal, is a misnomer. No one who has seen the haughty beast, muzzled, snarling at his master and the passers by, who scatter at his approach, can fail to be reminded of those captives, noble and royal, enslaved and put to base uses by their captors.

Among the patients was a most interesting person, personage rather, for he was speedily exalted into that by the entire feminine population, and they were in a measure justified in their homage by his unique individuality. Though considered rather unimpressionable, I very speedily succumbed in some measure to the man's appealing charm. His name was John Brown, or rather that was the name he gave, but the belief immediately gained ground that this commonplace appellation was a pseudonym merely. Though this theory was first promulgated by the heroine of what I may call the "chocolate eclair episode," a romancist of the first flight, there was much more than that to justify it. In the first instance, the patient rarely responded to it at once. It was as if the address were unfamiliar and made no impression upon his mind. A second and third repetition were often required to secure his attention. When the idea first occurred to us that he was passing under an alias, we used various methods to assure ourselves that this was the case. We would stand behind his cot, where he could not see us, and call softly the name he went by. Never once did he respond to it, unless his attention had first been gained in some other way. When one remembers that one's own name can usually be heard when the context is inaudible, and considering that the man's mentality was in perfect condition, the deduction is obvious.

He was moreover an extraordinarily handsome man of great distinction of appearance and refinement of habits so far as we could judge of these last, in the case of one so helpless. His flesh was smooth and fine, his hands were perfectly kept, and the one demand he ever made was for his daily bath. If in any pressure of other work this was neglected, or delayed beyond the usual hour, I am bound to confess that our interesting charge grew rather cross, though his ill-temper speedily wore off under the soothing effect of a cold water sponging, followed by a rubbing down with alcohol. How he managed to get the cold water bath is more than I know, as cold water treatment was not looked upon with a favorable eye by the majority of physicians and surgeons at that time. I was told that he had asked for it. Personally, I never recall hearing him ask for anything, and the word "demand," which I used in reference to his bath gives quite a wrong impression. His methods were more of the nature of "moral suasion," and his wishes made known in a way that one seeks the English language in vain for adequate description. "Hint" is far too coarse a word to apply to it. One rather felt ashamed not to have anticipated his requirements, and hastened to supply them, with as spontaneous an air as possible.

It was owing, partially, no doubt, to his love of cold water that the report gained credence that he was an Englishman. To this framework was added several particulars, derived no one knows whence, unless from the fertile brains of the gossips, for John Brown was very uncommunicative about himself and his own affairs. When one of the nurses offered to write any letters for him which he might wish to send, he paused for a moment, and answered with a suspicion of moisture in his eyes that there was no one in the world to whom a letter from him would convey any pleasure.

The nurse being young and impulsive, naturally did not keep this pathetic statement to herself, and her realistic, not to say dramatic rendering of the pent-up bitterness certainly increased the interest. The only other fact which served as foundation to the lordly superstructure of popular romance was the hero's possession of a ring of a



TRANSPARENT GOWNS OF NET AND LACE.

(Described on page 29.)

kind quite unusual at the time, but since become quite fashionable. It was a seal of plain gold, widening at the back and deeply engraved with a coat of arms or crest, no one of our staff being sufficiently versed in heraldry to express an opinion carrying any weight.

But the most interesting thing of all I have kept for the last. Doctors, proverbially hard headed, and not easily influenced by masculine beauty at least, were as intent as any of our impressionable feminine visitors upon our "star" patient. He proved a veritable magnet, drawing many a prominent scientific man from considerable distances to our otherwise insignificant hospital. Apparently sound from head to foot, he was in such a state of nervous collapse as to be unable to stand up or even to sit. When stood upon his feet, his body collapsed, as if absolutely boneless, in a manner most dreadful to see.

The doctors gave the disease all sorts of learned names, and came both near and far to study the case, the general theory reduced to plain English being that the utter collapse of the nervous system was due to shock, resulting from the strain and excitement of battle. The patient's appetite was excellent, all the functions of the body perfectly normal, with the exception of sudden periods of heart depression, followed by high fever. From these, however, he rallied with surprising celerity, and with no ill after results.

This state of affairs had continued for some time when our new rules in regard to visitors were put into effect. As in all hospitals, the visitors' hours were fixed, and they were not admitted at other times, nor were they allowed to carry food into the wards. For several weeks, no one put much faith in the rigidity of the observance of the rules, and dropped in at any hour, with any article of food or clothing that they happened to have by. But after the first few days I insisted upon their enforcement, knowing full well that if our vigilance were relaxed in one particular, it would be impossible to keep order, and affairs would speedily get out of all control.

With this change there was very naturally an immediate diminution of the supply of dainties. I was inexperienced enough to be surprised and shocked at this, but it was after all only to be expected. It is one thing to carry all sorts of forbidden fruits to those not too ill to enjoy them, and gaze with grateful eyes at the good fairy who brought them, and quite another to carry broth, or custard, or oranges, submit them to a severe inspection, and then, to leave them, if they pass muster, without any expression whatever of that gratitude that is such an incentive to further beneficence.

We were in fact obliged to solicit, and indeed urge that such and such a one should supply such and such things in certain quantities on fixed days, and this was not always easy, as we were obliged to look out for our supplies, and occasionally goad the unwilling donors. This was not from a lack of supplies, for our town was well out of the devastating war track, and our physical deprivations comparatively light, but rather from a lack of the interest excited by personal contact.

Our resources becoming so limited it behooved us then to manage the more carefully, that they might last the longer, and do the most service, and it was about this time that most amazing disappearances began to occur in our food supplies, especially among the delicacies.

HANDSOME SILK COAT.

(Described on page 29.)

Our hospital was a great colonial mansion, the partitions having been knocked out on two floors, making two wards on each floor, separated by a hall, the two on the upper floor arranged to connect through what had been the front hall bedroom. The mysterious disappearances always occurred in the upper wards, sometimes in one, sometimes in the other, and always from among articles put out for use during the night. We had orderlies on constant service for the assistance of the nurses, and there was always supposed to be one in attendance in each ward. They professed to have seen and heard nothing out of the ordinary.

In the beginning suspicion fell upon one rather greedy patient, the supplies having carelessly been left for a short time in his neighborhood. After that we were careful to place the articles out of reach of the cots, and as much as possible, out of sight. As the wards were by no means full this was quite practical. Still custard cups would be found quite empty on the night stand, and orange peel and seeds scattered upon the floor, at a distance of many feet from any occupied cot. As we had not at that time, as we supposed, a single patient with the use of both upper and nether limbs, that disposed of any further suspicion falling upon the inmates.

The next suspects were the orderlies themselves, but there was little to support such an idea. The men were all of good character, personally known to us all, and they invariably went home to their meals. Moreover, the wives of each and every one of the four were notable housekeepers, and "good providers." It would be hard to see why they would rob the poor, sick soldiers, even if they had been men of no principle. The only other theories were that the nurses ate the missing dainties or that there was a ghost.

This last theory had not a few adherents, but possessed several weak points at once seized upon by the practical. One was that a ghostly taste for oranges and custards was an entirely new departure, and ghosts are nothing if not conservative. Though the house had the usual reputation of all old houses of being haunted, the ghost was a Revolutionary soldier, and there were no records to prove him of abnormal appetite, and it was hardly likely that his shade would develop such an attribute at this late date. Of course one may believe any evil of a ghost, but as the poor man had been only a murderer and suicide in life, it was only natural that his spirit should add the crime of robbery.

Whereupon we redoubled the watch.

Still no results. Some one would turn away for an instant, and lo! the guarded and doubly guarded treasures were gone. It might be hours afterwards in another lull that the evidences of

FANCY FROCKS FOR CALLING AND DRIVING.

(Described on page 29.)

of the theft would appear, but sooner or later the orange peel and custard cups would be found, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another.

I had just about resolved to sit up all night in the ward myself when I received a call from a patient, discharged as cured but the day before. I supposed for a moment that he had returned, as so many of the poor fellows did, to seek further aid, but it soon became plain that he had another purpose in view. After many hums and haws, scraping at the throat, and uncertain glances at the door, he told his tale. He had occupied a cot in one of the upper wards, when one night, being sleepless but quite quiet, he had seen "John Brown" enter the ward, coming through the hall bedroom, and appropriate certain of the night supplies.

I listened to him, perfectly incredulous, so impatient, in fact, as scarcely to hear him out.

"Why didn't you come to me with this extraordinary story long ago?" I demanded.

"Well, mum," he said, "you'll hardly listen to me now, and I can see you don't believe none too much on it. But all I can say is, watch out for yourself. Watch out for yourself," and with this admonition and warning he took his leave.

The supplies were now so short, the demands so great, and the nightly pilferings had attained such proportions as to command for any theory a certain consideration. As far as I am concerned, however, I must acknowledge that this theory at first ranked in my mind with the ghostly one. However, I went upstairs at once and confided this new aspect of things to the head nurse, who was also one of my best friends.

She at first utterly scouted the idea. "Why," she said, "the man is unable to sit up, much less stand or walk alone. Jonas must have been dreaming." However we both agreed to watch that night, but our plans went rather askew. One of the fever patients relapsed suddenly into delirium, and going at once to him we were detained for a moment only. When help came I returned at once to my self-appointed post, the usual theft having been accomplished in the meantime. We kept constantly moving about, however, among the cots, giving the thief scant time to dispose of his ill-gotten gains.

The next morning Harriet came to me with a grave face. She had personally assisted at the morning toilet of our interesting patient, "John Brown."

"There were yellow stains of orange juice on his night shirt," said she, "and I found an orange seed in the bed."

We debated long as to our proper course of action, and finally decided not to speak to the culprit on the subject, but to try to catch him *in flagrante delicto.*

Everyone was ordered on duty that night, though nothing was to be said to the patients on the subject, the extra orderlies to sit in the hall, out of sight. It was thought that I had better keep out of the way, making only my usual trips of inspection.

About midnight, however, I joined the orderly in the hall, and the night nurses and orderlies in the wards were called out for a moment by agreement. They had scarcely left the ward when John Brown rose up warily, looked about to see if all the other patients were asleep, then leaping with inconceivable agility from his bed he hurried through the hall bedroom into the other ward, paused for a moment at the door to assure himself that there was no one there on watch, possessed himself of the best of what had been arranged upon the night stand and started back for his cot. As we had purposely arranged the screens in the middle of the passageway between the cots in such a manner as to require skilful piloting of one's way in order that they should not be overset, the course was no plain sailing. Our hopeful protégé had taken this in at once, and placing a capable hand upon each cot in turn cleared it with a single bound, his other hand being occupied with his booty. He had almost regained his own cot, while we stood in the darkened doorway, silent and dumbfounded, when it occurred to some one to cry out. In the twinkling of an eye the man was in bed, neatly tucked in, apparently asleep. As we approached the bed the influence that had been potent so long made itself felt once more, as far as I was concerned at least, and I had a certain feeling of being out of myself, of dreaming the impossible. But no such feeling affected the orderlies. They at once pounced upon the man, and stripping every particle of the bedding managed to upset a cup of custard. We found, in addition, a cake of sweetened chocolate and several oranges.

B

WHITE MOHAIR FROCK.

(Described on page 29.)

With this new light upon the subject we put the matter at once before the committee in charge, and the doctors, who, in spite of the continued limpness and recurring fever of the subject, declined to be victimized any longer.

It was, however, several weeks before we finally got rid of John Brown. When stood upon his feet he would collapse in the most horrible manner, and as we could hardly set him upon the doorstep, there was nothing for it but to put him back to bed again. In spite of the multitude of witnesses against him, he at first stoutly denied the thefts, and afterwards steadily declined to speak on the matter at all, receiving our rebukes with a patient silence, which usually resulted in our going away, feeling thoroughly ashamed of ourselves.

Of course the sympathies of the townspeople were almost entirely enlisted upon his behalf, and there was a general hue and cry against our cruelty and injustice. But Harriet had been all this while very quietly making investigations of her own, and when she presented her case, though our position was hardly endorsed, still there was not so much opposition as we had anticipated against the course which we at last took in desperation.

We bought John Brown a new suit of clothes, dressed him in them, undismayed by his high fever, and drove him to the railway station. We also provided him with a pair of crutches, out of deference to popular opinion, though well we knew there was no occasion for them. To the very last he kept up his pose. We helped him on the train, confiding him tenderly to the care of the conductor, our consciences smiting us the while, suggesting subtly that we might be mistaken.

The invalid asked that he might be helped upon the back platform, that he might see the last of a town where he had been so kindly treated, and a dozen willing hands assisted him, placing his crutches beside him.

As the train drew out of the station he threw his crutches out upon the track, and springing suddenly, caught the projecting roof of the car in an iron grip, swung his body out over the tracks a dozen times like a trained athlete, giving vent all the time to such a string of oaths as I never heard before, and hope sincerely never to hear again. He was still swinging and swearing when the train disappeared around the curve.

And after all, his name was really John Brown. And he had never been to the war except, perhaps, as a camp follower. The uniform he wore when brought to us was undoubtedly stolen, probably from some dead soldier. Where the ring came from nobody could find out. It was probably acquired in like manner with the uniform. What he said about the letter was quite true. All the weight of evidence tended to con-

(Continued on page 21.)

FROCKS FOR CHURCH AND FORMAL OCCASIONS.

(Described on page 29.)

ACCESSORIES TO THE TOILET.

THE little extras that contribute so much toward the smart appearance of the well-dressed woman receive but too seldom the consideration they deserve. The French have a proverb to the effect that to be well-gloved and well-shod is to be well-dressed. This is perhaps going a little far, but if a becoming hat be added, as well as one of the charming boas, or neck ruffs, so popular this season, certainly a shabby gown would pass muster.

It is too true that these charming trifles are expensive, if one is obliged to buy them ready to wear, or to order them from a fashionable milliner, but to any woman with a little knack, such things are easily gotten up at home, at a trifling proportion of the charges imposed by the shops. The ability to make a becoming hat is a gift, requiring the artistic eye, keen to detect a defect in proportion, but it is a gift that may be improved and developed by training, and the manual skill may be acquired by anyone who is determined to learn.

A boa is another matter and easily devised by anyone who can sew, as cutting and fitting have no part in its make-up. It is hardly worth while to make these by hand, and a sewing machine goes faster, and in its present high state of development really works wonders. Handwork is only necessary, and indeed desirable when applications are to be let into the net or chiffon, of which the boa is composed. The newest boas instead of following the ruche designs of the earlier models, now are rather of the nature of little capes, formed of overlapping ruffles of lace bordered chiffon, and are likely to develop still further into a return of the little wraps so popular and convenient several years ago. They are especially graceful with the fancy frocks of fine lace and net, but also add a little touch of elegance to the plainer frocks. By far the greater number are of black and white combinations, but they are also seen in cream and ivory, deep écru, pale blue, or in other pale colors or to match gowns. They are of every fluffy material imaginable, chiffon, mousseline de soie, lace, net figured and plain, ruffled, gathered, ruched, accordion plaited, sometimes all of these at once. They have one feature in common, and that is they must have long ends of some sort, reaching almost to the hem of the frock in front.

Particularly fascinating are the sets of hat, parasol and boa to be worn *en suite*. With these is occasionally seen a muff of chiffon and flowers to match, as was stated last month, but these are "freaks," so to speak, and will only be used for carriage wear by the elect few, to whom expense is "no object." A set of this sort, lacking the muff, by the way, was especially to be noted, the hat being of unrelieved pale blue straw and chiffon with amazon plumes exactly matching. The boa was also of pale blue chiffon very simply made, and consisted of accordion plaitings, sprung with a ruche of the same chiffon. The parasol was a plain coaching parasol of pale blue taffeta with an enameled stick. This set was worn with a princesse grown of otherwise unrelieved black, the material being crêpe de chine inset with a quantity of black filet lace.

The parasols this year are perfectly charming, resembling nothing so strongly as immense flowers, and every variety may be found among them, from the inconspicuous and utilitarian, *en tout cas*, down through the list of the plain coaching parasols, to the extremely ornate ones of chiffon, lace and brocade, all these sometimes appearing in a single one of these exquisite toilet accessories.

Of the more elaborate ones, even the linings are a mass of shirrings and pleatings and gathered tucks. These are more often seen in the parasols of Pompadour brocade, and usually repeat the most decided coloring of the silk. White or cream is often used for the lining, but more frequently rose pink. As very few of the Pompadour fabrics do not show pink flowers somewhere in the design, this lining is always in keeping.

Lace parasols are also greatly in evidence, whether formed of the old fashioned top woven in one piece, or by multitudinous over-lapping frills, gathered or accordion plaited. Chiffon also is used in this manner, though ruffles of this are usually lace edged, and both sorts, whether of lace or chiffon or both, are frequently wreathed with garlands of the tiny flowers so much used this season, roses and forget-me-nots being first favorites.

Coaching parasols are as much liked as ever, and red and a certain grassy green are the more seen, though white and pale shades to match the costume will undoubtedly be quite as much used at summer resorts and in the country. As these are mounted upon rather long sticks, they appear furnished with a device enabling the ornamental portion to fold over, thereby facilitating packing.

The question of gloves this season allows quite a latitude of choice. White gloves are still worn though not prime requisites for dress occasions as they were for so prolonged a period. This was never a dainty fashion as the gloves so soon became soiled and had a dingy appearance after, perhaps, an hour's wear or less. Many ladies of perfect taste, who feel themselves beyond the fashion or fad of the moment continued to wear suède gloves matching the costume all through the reign of the white glove. This idea is particularly happy with frocks of mastic biscuit, castor, and all shades of gray. Black suède gloves, too, have never lost a certain vogue. The rule in selecting gloves is to choose a color which will not in effect make a blot upon the gown. It is an offense to the eye to wear gloves of a contrasting color, as well as increasing the apparent size of the hands.

Some of the novelties in gloves of glacé kid do not, however, conform to this requirement. They are often of a light, bright color, a certain yellow being the favorite, with "Paris points," or other quite elaborate embroidery upon the backs, sometimes carrying out the color scheme of the gown, but often in gay colorings in which bright green is conspicuous.

The old Biarritz glove has returned to favor, with a little modification. These gloves are a type of mousequetaire, and are buttonless. This season they are supplied with an elastic run in a casing to tighten the wrist. This casing appears on the inner side of the wrist only. Being worn so loose, this style of glove is particularly suited to riding, driving and all sporting wear.

Washable gloves are shown in great variety, of chamois, wash leather, silk and cotton of various weaves, the most desirable being those of taffeta lisle. They do not wear very well however, their chief advantages being their excellent shape, fit and generally good appearance, after being cleaned.

For evening wear or other dress occasions the silk and lace "mitts" are gaining ground. They are perfect upon a pretty hand, but unspeakable upon an ugly one. They usually match the costume in color, but are often seen in white with any gown. Anything really desirable among them continues to be quite expensive.

DAINTY EFFECTS IN TEA GOWNS

(Described on page 29.)

AN ALGERIAN EPISODE.

WE were going up the long, straggling staircase that is the Rue du Diable. The elderly English captain led the van, arm in arm with his young wife, a red-cheeked bouncing lass that rumor said had been a barmaid. Next came Madame Mueller, the little Parisienne, with the young doctor. Then came the German-American, and his great daughter. "Pussy" Halkett and I brought up the rear, Castine and Margaret just in front of us.

"They make a handsome couple," said I.

"A man may not marry his grandmother," said Pussy sourly.

Poor "Pussy!" He had won his pet name in two continents, and was now proceeding to deserve it in a third.

* * *

It was the night of Mardi Gras, and *tout le monde* was going to the Veglione. Margaret and I were not going. Uncle objected, but we went down to the salon to see the costumes. The Englishwoman was *en Turcque*, a splendid costume loaned her by Mustapha Rais down in the Passage. She certainly gave cause for a great deal of the gossip. Madame Mueller was in street costume. She was going with her father and mother, *and* the doctor, in a box, to look on. Castine was a devil in scarlet trunks, and doublet, with a tail, cloven hoof and all. I never saw him look so handsome. His great violet eyes were almost black under the curling lashes. He was all excitement, the very soul of gayety. Margaret could not take her eyes off him. "Pussy," in a black domino, looked on with a lowering countenance. I began to wonder how it would all come out. After all, the difference in age was very slight. Castine was twenty-four, and Margaret was twenty-six, but ah, me! it was all on the wrong side.

* * *

It was a superb night, and we were all on the terrace. Some of the young officers were up from the Swedish cruiser in the harbor. They had been dining with "Pussy" Halkett, and some one was trying to organize a picnic to Cap Matifou for the next day. Gay times for the Hôtel Pension Anglo-Suisse!

Madame Mueller in the corner had buttonholed a Swedish officer and was engaged in retailing her experiences on a night trip through the Kasbah with the police.

"How I should like to go," said the young lieutenant, "but I suppose they do not admit men."

"Dans ce quartier-la," said Madame, "avec grand plaisir." Horrid little woman. I think her husband should come and look after her. She is evidently too much for her doddering old parents.

The Englishwoman wasn't very much better. I caught a few of her remarks. She prides herself on being very plain spoken. The English captain, after confiding to everyone that he was a Pasha in the Turkish army, marched off with his bride. The other end of the terrace, in the shadow, sat Castine and Margaret.

* * *

The picnic came off to-day, after all. Mrs. Ireland, the Englishwoman, is very contemptuous of us. She says that she has heard so much of the freedom and emancipation of American girls, but that we are no different from the conventional English variety. I wanted to explain that we are not all Daisy Millers, but she said she had never heard of Daisy Miller, so I let the matter drop. But oh, what a lovely day. We drove for miles and miles between fields where the cattle stood knee deep in narcissus, and the mimosa trees shed their golden showers. The air was heavy with the scent of spring flowers, and the sky was blue as forget-me-nots. The English captain quarreled with the consumptive Dane about supposed attentions to his bride on the part of the latter. The Englishwoman and Madame Mueller kept up a constant fire of characteristic witticisms. Margaret was unusually silent. "Pussy" Halkett sulked. We resolved to go on no more picnics.

* * *

We dined or rather lunched to-day in the Fish Market, a queer little place under the terrace of the Rue de la Republique. It is the thing to do on Friday, and a *diner maigre* is provided. We saw many notabilities, native and foreign, in this shabby little poke hole, for there are about twenty thousand Americans and Europeans in Algiers this Winter. We ate snails out of the shell on common pins, a paper of which was laid at each place. It was great larks. "Pussy" and Castine gave the luncheon.

* * *

Uncle is getting very cross. I am afraid he thinks we are having too much fun, and feels a little neglected. Castine asked us to drive to-day, the Swedish officers also to be of the party, but Margaret thought best to refuse. So in the afternoon we went up to Nôtre Dame d'Afrique. to see the lovely outdoor service, and as we climbed the hill, hot and dusty, we met the driving party coming down.

"The rich they ride in chaises," said Uncle vulgarly in a very ugly tone. I am afraid he is catching some of "Pussy" Halkett's tricks.

* * *

We had quite an exciting time to-day. Mr. Johnston (I am not going to call him uncle any longer, he is no uncle of mine) went to Margaret and asked her to promise him not to go on the water at all. Now the harbor is so protected that there is absolutely no danger whatever. Moreover, Margaret has been used to small boats and their management all her life, so naturally she expostulated. But Uncle put it before her like this. (You see habit is too strong for me after all.) He said that if anything happened to her while she was away from home, her parents would never forgive him, and would feel that he had not taken proper care of her. This thought, he said, coupled with the fear of her going on the water, kept him nervous and uneasy whenever she was out of his sight.

Old fraud! He was an old sailor, too!

Well the amount of the thing is Margaret promised, and then she came down on the terrace, where I for a wonder had preceded her, to find the most delightful water party being arranged. No doubt the old fox had got wind of this. I wonder how. He knew he wouldn't be asked, and took this way of getting square. Well, I went on the water party, but Margaret kept her promise. "Pussy" wouldn't go, either, when he found she wasn't going, so they spent the morning shopping together in the Rue Bab-Azoun, and the Kasbah. Margaret said it was deadly dull.

* * *

I am madder at that old uncle than ever. Really, the discovery we made this morning was too much. He spent the morning yesterday on the water himself with that odious Englishwoman. Margaret went to him at once, and notified him that she considered herself at liberty to go on the water when she pleased. There was an awful row, but we have promised to go out to afternoon tea on the Swedish ship tomorrow with Castine and "Pussy" Halkett. As for that Englishwoman, I believe she illtreats that child of hers. All the house says so. I hear him scream every morning. Next time I am going to listen.

* * *

So I did, this morning. I could hear the most blood-curdling yells. Margaret's room is right next, and I went in and resolutely put my ear to the keyhole of the communicating door. Margaret tried to stop me, but I would do it. "I'm determined to find out if she beats him," I said.

The next yell rose louder than ever. "Don't make me get up, mother," wailed the little wretch. "I don't want to get up yet," and it was for the little rascal's aversion to rising and retiring and his daily bath, that the whole house had been agog for weeks. Still there was no use telling this, for no one would believe it. The boarding house spirit is very much the same in Algiers as in New Jersey or Long Island.

* * *

We went out on the Swedish cruiser this afternoon, and had a lovely time. It was not a regular visitor's day, but we were expected and everything was all ship-shape. Tea resolved itself into champagne, and the most delicious sweetmeats of all sorts, queer things from Russia and Turkey, and the Indies. Altogether it was a lovely party. But the cream of it is to come.

While we sat there in the wardroom making merry over our most satisfactory "tea," the deck

FANCY FROCKS OF VARIOUS STUFFS.

(Described on page 41.)

officer appeared in the doorway, saying that there was a party asking leave to go over the ship. We rushed to the port hole, and oh my prophetic soul, my uncle, the Englishwoman *et al!* Margaret and I shook in our shoes for a moment. Castine muttered something in which the word "polisson" was distinctly audible, but the would-be sightseers were rather curtly sent about their business.

I forgot to say that Margaret and I had each a stunning new hat purchased purposely for this event.

* * *

Uncle has begun to frown upon Castine. I don't quite know what it is all about, but he has forbidden Margaret to have anything to do with him. I fancy "Pussy" has had something to do with it. It would be just like him. Madame Mueller's old mother is quite angry about it, for of course the whole house is *au fait.* She says that she knows all about Castine, and all his people. He is quite a *parti* "Il a ses revenus," she says. It is a great shame. Everything was so sweet and lovely, an idyl against this strange background, where the very beggars go on horseback and ask not for bread, but for coffee and tobacco. As for Margaret, she has unexpectedly rebelled. I never saw her so excited. "No one can say a word against it," she said over and over again, as if arguing with herself.

* * *

Castine is certainly very funny and sweet. He was perfectly delightful to-day. We went down into the town and ran across him unexpectedly in the arcade of the Rue Bab-Azoun. He had evidently already heard he was under the ban, for he suddenly struck an attitude, then leaped behind one of the great pillars of the colonnade, peeped cautiously out, as if not intending to emerge from his hiding place until we had passed out of sight. We stood there consumed with laughter, while the sympathetic bystanders, seeing there was a joke without understanding it, smiled vaguely. He joined us and we spent a delightful afternoon in the Kasbah. They say there is always cholera there, and yet one never thinks of being frightened. Those old Arabs were a frightfully cruel lot. We saw the ring in the gateway high above the pavement, where prisoners were brought, condemned to death. They were given one chance to leap from the ground, and if they caught the ring and succeeded in clinging a certain space, their lives were spared. Just above the ring the lattice of the harem was placed, convenient for the royal household to view the gay spectacle. One can almost see their cruel painted faces now. It is related that once, by a miracle, that a poor condemned creature caught the ring, and hung for a moment clinging for dear life, while these harpies leaned out beating on his poor fingers with their fans till he fell exhausted to his doom, for the block stood there also, where all the beauties of the harem might look on. Those wicked times are over forever, it is to be hoped. We went and sat then on the slope of the hill running down to Cap Eugene, to feel the breeze and look at the azure sky and turquoise water—"to take the taste out of our mouths," as Margaret said. But even here the magnificent mole, enclosing the harbor and built entirely by the hands of Christian slaves, recalled those dreadful times when the Deys reigned supreme in Algiers.

Then we went down in the town and had afternoon tea outside the famous café d'Apollon. I had always wondered why the Arabs drank wine, as it is against their religion to drink anything alcoholic, and before drinking it, that they threw out some upon the ground. This curious

RUE DU DIABLE, ALGIERS.

libation has exercised my mind and Castine has found all about it in Alphonse Daudet's Contes du Lundi. It seems that the Koran says that a single drop is accursed, so it is that drop they throw out.

* * *

Margaret and I had about concluded it was "up to us" to give a party, so this afternoon we gave a "tea" in the confectioner's in the Rue Bab-Azoun. It is one of the things to do, to go there and eat cakes, and it is very funny to see the elderly French generals, and colonels and majors, gray mustachioed, "with their long swords, saddled, bridled" like the Inniskilleen Dragoon, eating little cakes out of their fingers, yes, and licking them, too, afterwards, like dirty little boys. We went down in the morning and arranged for what we should have. Margaret and I decided we were far better off without any chaperon than with what we had at our disposal, so we didn't have any. We were eight in all. Pussy and Castine, and four of the Swedish officers. When the Englishwoman heard of that party she was quite satisfied with it as a specimen of the American behavior as she understood it, though she was quite furious at being left out.

There is a little room at the back of the shop opening into it, where one can sit if one wishes, and that is where our tea was to be laid. We received our guests at the door, and Castine had sent us the most gorgeous flowers for the center of the table. Like a man, however, he never thought of the scent, and the air was quite faint with them. Margaret was seated with her back to the wide door, and I next but one. We were a very gay party. I was just thinking what a lovely time we were having when suddenly "Pussy" roared out "Uncle Johnston," and dived under the table. Castine sprang for the pantry, while Margaret and I jumped to our feet aghast, and stood there spellbound. Then one of the young officers began to laugh and we realized we were "done." "At least you had no business to make fun of him. You pretend to be such a friend of his," I said to "Pussy," bitterly. But "Pussy" was not listening, at least to me.

And that was the last of all our good times.

* * *

The next day "Pussy" made a formal call on us. Though we were all staying in the same house, and saw each other three times a day, more or less, he did this periodically, going into the salon, and sending up a card. It was one of the things that Mrs. Ireland could never understand about us as Americans, that we refused to receive visitors sitting on the trunks in the hall. She thought that great larks, and looked upon it as a great breach of privilege on our part that we declined to share in it.

We went down sedately to see "Pussy." Margaret didn't want to go, but he knew we were in the house, worse luck! and it was never wise to incur Pussy's displeasure unnecessarily. We could see at once that he had an object in view. There was something on his mind. He didn't lead up to it very artistically. He had something funny to tell us, he said.

The night of the Veglione he told us Castine had met a lady. They had become great friends. She had a sad story, an orphan, eating the bitter bread of dependence, or what amounted to that, for she was companion and white slave to an elderly relative. It was quite a pitiful story. She would never let Castine call upon her. She was not free to receive visitors, but when she could get away from her life of drudgery, she called to see him at his lodging in the town.

(Concluded on page 21.)

COLLARLESS BLOUSES OF WASHABLE MATERIALS.

(Described on page 41.)

STAGE HAPPENINGS.

THE Spring season in New York is now quite over. Nearly all the playhouses are closed, with the exception of one or two where the public demands have required a longer season than was at first contemplated. Among the latter is the Savoy Theater, where "Soldiers of Fortune" promises to run to crowded houses as long as the physical strength of the cast holds out.

This play is one of the dramatized novels against which both critics and theatergoing public have inveighed so long, but it has proved a great and agreeable exception to what almost seemed to be a universal rule. This is owing to a variety of causes. First the book itself is full of action. Secondly it has been ably dramatized by that accomplished and able playwright, Augustus Thomas, and thirdly the book has had sufficient time to be at least partially forgotten. "Soldiers of Fortune" on the stage bears all the hallmarks of an original play, is coherent—hangs together, so to speak—and there is no hiatus for the audience to fill up from memory.

That omissions should have been made is inevitable, but the changes are slight. In the play, the love of Clay for Alice Langham is entirely omitted, and Hope is the attraction for him from beginning to end. It is perhaps just as well, for the play is pre-eminently one of adventure and anything in the nature of a "problem" is distinctly out of place.

Mr. Edeson is particularly happy in his impersonation of Clay. His buoyancy, his gayety, his natural charm, invest his performance with a very vivid interest. MacWilliams, the big hearted engineer, too, is splendidly done by Harry Harwood. One discerns one of nature's noblemen under the rough exterior, and the touch of native humor is delightful.

Thomas Ross makes a most engaging youth of Teddy Langham, and the Captain Burke of Ira Hards is so interesting that one's only regret is that there is not more of him.

Dorothy Donnelly makes an admirable Spanish woman, and looks the part to perfection, especially when she appears in the third act, dressed all in black, as the Spanish women love to do, with high comb and mantilla. The gown is beautifully embroidered with an occasional dull gleam of jet, and there are the wide borders of knotted fringe, characteristic of Spanish women, whatever the fashion.

In the second act she appears in the famous "orchid gown," simple in cut, and close fitting as a glove, but covered with exquisite tracery of lace, spangles and embroidery in orchid designs and colorings.

* * *

Mrs. Leslie Carter closed her season at the Garrick the thirty-first of May. It is announced that she will reopen in September with the same play, but at the new Belasco Theater, which we hear is to far surpass anything heretofore seen in the line of playhouses, ancient or modern.

* * *

A typical Rice extravaganza, the "Show Girl," is running at Wallack's, and at the Knickerbocker the "Wild Rose," another of the musical farce comedy type now so popular here as well as in England.

* * *

"King Dodo," now running at Daly's, is a musical extravaganza with more than the usual average of tunefulness. It promises to have quite a considerable run and to last well into the warm weather.

* * *

That accomplished actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, has been playing in a varied répertoire to crowded audiences at the Manhattan Theater. She has appeared in nothing of novelty, but has given a succession of those plays in which she is already well known, and well liked. There is a revival of the old wrangle over her conception and performance of Tess of the d'Urbervilles. Whether or no she represents the Tess of Mr. Hardy's novel, in accordance with the ideas of the author, is a moot point, and the controversialists on both sides quote from the book in support of their theories. It is to be regretted that but one performance, and that a matinée, has been given of the "Doll's House," as we have but too seldom an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of Nora.

* * *

The classic "Lady of Lyons" has enjoyed a revival by Kyrle Bellew and Mary Mannering at the Garrick Theater. Kyrle Bellew is most satisfactory as Claude Melnotte, and Mary Mannering perfect as the deceived and ill used, if rather unreasonable lady.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—Act III. Hall in the President's Palace, Valencia.

S105

S106

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S109

SUGGESTIONS FOR SKIRTS.

(Described on page 41.)

OUR WORK TABLE.

MOUNTMELLICK CENTERPIECE DESIGN No. LE1068B.

A HANDSOME Mountmellick centerpiece showing a conventional pattern worked in white upon heavy Delft blue linen and edged with torchon lace is given this month. It is extremely effective, and yet the stitches used are the simplest. This form of needlework is receiving marked attention and worked with Corticelli Mountmellick silk it is really very beautiful indeed. This silk is supplied in several sizes and two or more are used in any design.

The scallops round the edge are worked in buttonhole stitch with the heaviest silk, size H, and this size is used also for the cross bars in the four large conventional figures. The rest of the design is worked mainly with size G. The figures are all outlined on the edges and then filled with fancy stitches, all of which are plainly stamped on the design and easily followed. French knots are largely used as a filling stitch, and are

Mountmellick Centerpiece Design No. LE1068B.

very effective worked with the heavy Mountmellick silk. For all this piece is so elaborate in effect it is not difficult to work—the stitches are simple, and all that is required is care and precision in the work. The edge of this centerpiece has a narrow hem, over which is stitched a row of torchon lace.

The necessary materials to embroider the twenty-seven-inch centerpiece are Corticelli Mountmellick embroidery silk, 64 skeins size H, 16 skeins size G, 32 skeins size FF. Price of silk is 50 cents per dozen skeins. We can furnish this design stamped on blue linen in 22 and 27-inch sizes for 65 and 75 cents respectively; on white sateen, same sizes, 50 and 65 cents respectively.

* * *

FANCY LINEN TURNOVER COLLARS.

Into quite an elaborate affair has grown the plain little linen turnover collar. It is no longer a straight narrow band for the purpose of keeping fresh the ribbon or stock worn with it, but is full of curves and points and ornamented with graceful designs. When this new departure was first made the collars appeared with a slight dip in front, very pretty and becoming, but now this dip has assumed such exaggerated proportions as to measure two inches and cover an ordinarily high collar. These can hardly be called practical, as the point is so easily crumpled. There are other styles a plenty which are both serviceable and modish, so that every one may be suited.

Both white and colored linens are shown. Colored linen makes very pretty collars, and as one sometimes desires a change from the universal white band, dainty collars of pink, blue, lavender, écru, and green are numbered among the smart young woman's neckwear.

The only way to keep these collars fresh and unrumpled when worn with a soft ribbon stock is to have underneath all a firm foundation of piqué or some similar material. The featherbone collars seen in all the shops are excellent for this purpose. These narrow turnover collars will be seen on many a shirt waist this summer, frequently matching the shirt waist material, and again of white, either plain or ornamented with French knots. There is a regular epidemic of French knots just at present. Collars, gowns, ribbons, and garnitures of every description are thus embellished. This decoration is so very simple that anyone who has even moderate skill with the needle can make for herself very modish accessories and at slight outlay of time or money. A pretty substitute for a French knot on an article which is to be much laundered is a small dot worked with two or three short satin stitches.

No. LC1021.

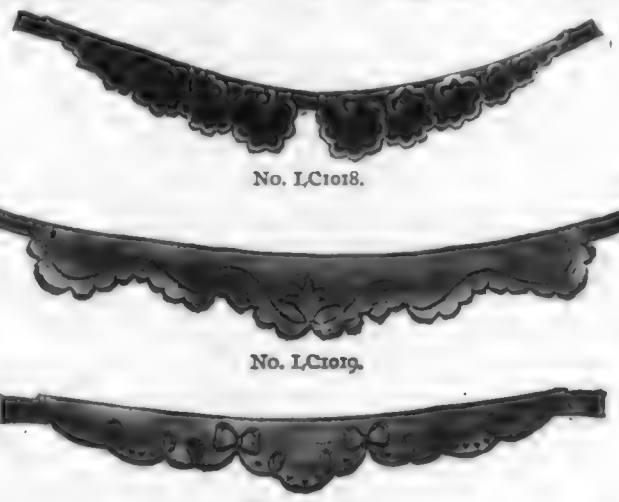
No. LC1026.

No. LC1022

Nothing has ever been done in women's neckwear which has exceeded these little collars in popularity, and as the rage has only just started they are sure to be in great demand during the next few months.

Both conventional and floral patterns are equally popular, and many pretty patterns are shown of each style. No. LC1021 shows a forget-me-not pattern which is very dainty. The collar is white linen, the scalloped edge and French knots worked with Persian floss in one of the shades of forget-me-not blue, and the flowers, with their pretty pink-tipped buds, in Corticelli Filo silk. Pattern No. LC1023 shows a collar and cuff set with a conventional flower design, worked in shades of pink and green, with the centers of the flowers filled with French knots in yellow. The scrolls forming the edge are worked in buttonhole stitch with Persian floss in the shade of pink used for the flowers.

(Continued on page 21).



No. LC1018.

No. LC1019.

No. LC1020.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP

BATHING SUITS OF SILK AND MOHAIR.

(Described on page 41.)

APROPOS DES BOTTES.

BOOTS, shoes and slippers are growing more elaborate. Their shapes show inclination to relapse to the pointed styles. Fancy shoes for street wear are affected by large numbers, their claim to popularity residing in the fact that they undoubtedly cause the foot to appear smaller. Being almost universally worn, the colonial tie, buckled or tied up over the instep threatens to lose all claim to smartness, and people of very exclusive tastes are looking about for something new. It is hard to say where that will be found. Quite heavy low shoes are made in the "slatted" styles, with several buttoned or buckled straps over the instep. For house wear patent leather pumps, made on a very flat last, are very much liked. These have a small, flat bow of dull black ribbon for their only finish.

The extreme "bulldog" shapes even for sporting wear are only liked by those of extreme and rather masculine tastes. The rounded toe is adhered to by those who are inclined toward neither one or the other extreme but prefer to steer a middle course.

Slippers and fancy ties for house or carriage wear are often made with red heels. If the hose match the heels in color, the bow or rosette over the instep is black, but if black stockings are worn, the instep finish is red.

Stockings to match the gown are liked with low shoes, and white is also extensively worn with black shoes. The craze for tan, russet and brown is quite passed, though they still find many adherents among those who believe them to be cooler than black.

Boots of patent leather for dress wear are made with a cloth top, often of a very light tan approaching white. The buttons usually match the cloth. Some of these shoes are stitched in white and the foxings are pierced in open patterns showing the white through. These are sometimes very swagger for carriage wear, but are too showy, not to say loud, for the street.

* * *

THE MALINGERER.

(Continued from page 9.)

firm it. We communicated with his wife—for he had a wife and children—and her exclamation, as reported by credible witnesses when she heard that he was alive, was, "I thought he was dead long ago, drat him."

* * *

One afternoon during the past winter, which I spent in New York, I was walking up Madison avenue, in the Murray Hill district, when I caught sight of a most interesting looking elderly man, elegant and aristocratic in his bearing and the shabbiness of his raiment rather contributed to the interest excited by his appearance. As he passed me at right angles I saw that he was exceedingly pale and had at the same time an impression of familiarity, a vague feeling that I had seen him before. He crossed to the opposite side of the thoroughfare, and I, constrained by the indescribable sense of it all having happened before, which we all have experienced, passed up one block, crossed and started back on the other side with no idea but that of observing the individual so strongly claiming my notice. As I approached the man was crouched upon the door step of one of our well known millionaires, and a man servant in livery had come out and warned him off. A little crowd had gathered and were inclined to take the man's part. Some one had rung up an ambulance which, for a wonder, promptly appeared. The young surgeon began to go over the stranger in a workmanlike way, and prepared to take him to the hospital. Amid the jeers of the crowd, who have scant sympathy for a flunky, the servant protested.

"There's nothing ails him," said he. "He's a tramp, been infesting this neighborhood for the last month, scaring ladies and children with his vile tongue. Leave him alone and he'll walk off as well as you please."

"I guess you're mistaken this time, my man," said the doctor. "His temperature is one hundred and four," and helping the sick man into the ambulance, they drove off.

That night it came over me in a flash who it was. Allowing for the lapse of years, and the change in the style of wearing his beard, it was John Brown to the life. The only wonder was that I had not recognized him before.

I had noted the name of the hospital on the ambulance and went over bright and early next morning, but the bird had flown. He was too well known to the authorities to get off easily, if caught, and he had managed to elude the surgeon, and get away, no doubt to green fields and pastures new.

* * *

AN ALGERIAN EPISODE.

(Continued from page 15.)

"Pussy" had not met her, and it was only lately that Castine had spoken of her. "Pussy" had concluded he was growing quite interested.

"We all know what it is that pity turns to," said "Pussy," looking at Margaret. I looked, too. She was very pale.

"Well yesterday," "Pussy" continued, "I went up to luncheon at the Hotel St. George, and at the table d'hote sat next to a very pretty woman, with whom I entered into conversation. She seemed interested and interesting, and ended by asking me to call. She gave me the address; she was a widow in an apartment in the upper city."

He paused, and as we gave him no encouragement, he went on without any.

I didn't quite like to go alone, so I got Castine to go with me, and when we arrived there, lo and behold, it was Castine's orphan."

Margaret waited to hear no more. She was out of the door before he had finished.

"You ought to know better than to tell her a story like that," I said.

"Well, she's no child," he replied sullenly. "Besides it's just as well that she should realize that Castine's no saint any more than the rest of us."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said, now at a white heat. "I didn't need to be told it, but I hardly thought you would be so shameless as to avow such an object. However, I am old enough and experienced enough to have learned the futility of trying to change the leopard's spots or a grown man's manners, so that I shall waste no more time upon you," and with that I followed Margaret.

* * *

We left Algiers a week ago, without waiting for the Governor's ball, though we had both ordered new gowns for it. Still the town was getting warm, and it was high time we were moving northward. We didn't see Castine again, and Margaret doesn't speak of him. If he has written or not, I do not know. But when I remember those beautiful and perfect days, and his lovely disposition, I am inclined to doubt the whole story. I spoke to Margaret once of a time when we were dining out of doors in an arbor at Bouzarea, and Castine's rage at the young doctor for telling one of his characteristic tales, but she said nothing at all, but bent forward, leaning her head on her wrists.

* * *

OUR WORK TABLE.

(Continued from page 19.)

The four remaining collar patterns are all formed of scrolls and fancy scalloped edges. Design No. LC1022 is of white linen embroidered with black Corticelli Persian floss. This is a very effective little collar and is pretty also worked with black on a colored linen or with colors on white. No. LC1018 is of pink linen with the scallops in white and the dots in black. A pretty collar made after this fashion would be of Delft blue linen embroidered entirely with white and the dots and inner line of the scallops outlined in black. No. LC1019 is a pretty scroll design which may be worked entirely in one color. The edge is finished with buttonhole stitch and the bands above in satin stitch. By working the edge with a double thread Filo silk may be used for the entire pattern.

The original of Design No. LC1020 was worked in shades of violet on fine white linen and was exceptionally pretty. The lighter shade selected was used for the edge and the bow-knots, and the scallops and knots are then outlined with the darker shade. The dots are padded and covered with the lighter shade and outlined with the darker.

Stamped linens of these pretty collar patterns can be secured from the publishers. Price, 20 cents each, postpaid. Collar and cuff sets, 35 cents each, postpaid.

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FANCY BLOUSES FOR COOL AFTERNOONS.

(Described on page 41.)

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers, we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to DRESS, DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY, the TOILET, TOILET ARTICLES and SOCIETY CUSTOMS.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES. The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

FIRST.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

SECOND.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, NOT FOR PUBLICATION, as we use the nom de plume or name you wish us to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

THIRD.—Questions relating to DRESS should give personal description as to age, height, blonde or brunette.

FOURTH.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

A. W., Evansville, Indiana.—In reply to your inquiry in regard to cutting over your seal coat, I would say that if you wish it to serve for several seasons without further alteration, that you ought to select a very conservative and inconspicuous style, and not a model showing any decided peculiarity, as that will inevitably stamp it of the season. The single or double breasted coats, with flaring collar and revers, of the same or other fur, have been fashionable in some form or other for a considerable period, and are likely to be worn for many seasons to come.

This style of coat should be close fitting at the back and sides and hang straight in front, and may be cut as long as your fur will allow. I have consulted one of the recognized authorities on this subject, and he advises that the design "Irving" illustrated in the May number of the *American Album of Fur Novelties*, or the "Henriette," illustrated in the April number of the same magazine, should be followed. If the straight line about the hips is too severe, and unbecoming to your figure, the edge may be arched on the hips, making the coat rather longer front and back than at the sides. The design "Hecla," also in the April number, shows a very similar style, rather longer.

It will be noticed that in all of these the sleeve follows the plain coat model, the "Henriette" being belled slightly at the wrist, and all the others being furnished with cuffs. It is well to have this sleeve cut rather larger than has been the case for several seasons past.

The models called "Henley," and "Hermione" in the April number, and "Indiana" in the May number of the above mentioned periodical, illustrate the novelties of the season. with the Directoire Eton front, arranged in such a way as to button over or thrown open to show revers of another fur, but as no one can predict with certainty, how long such fashions will endure, it is not very wise to have so costly a garment made up in what may prove the fad of a single winter.

Mrs. C. A. D., Laceyville, Pa.—The coat illustrated in Fig. 480, on page 18 of the April number of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, is, in my opinion, better suited to the style of your material than your first choice.

Personally I should prefer one of the models illustrated on page 4 of the same issue, for your silk. Have a great sailor collar of white satin completely overlaid with rather open spangled ornaments, and finish the edge with a narrow accordion plaiting of black chiffon, or mousseline de soie, and you will have, I think, a very handsome garment.

Mrs. M. J., Cocoa Florida.—1.—In asking advice in the making up of any special material, it is always well to enclose a bit of the fabric. Nor do you state whether the lady for whom the gown is intended is tall or short, slender or stout. All of these facts have a very direct bearing upon the nature of the advice which may be much more intelligently given if the necessary data are provided. Fig. 796, illustrated on page 4 of the June number about to be issued, is a very pretty model, shows many distinctive peculiarities of the season's styles, and is especially designed for slender figures. Fig. 787, on page 18 of the same number, is also adapted to making up in taffetas, and shows the fine panne effect which also appears in Fig. 796. This would be more suitable to one of heavier build. Fig. 767 or 768, on page 18, of the May number show skirt especially adapted to striped material.

A fad of the season is, however, to make up taffetas after the fancy tailor-made styles, strapping the silk with folds of plain colored lightweight summer cloth. At a recent exhibition of imported models, just such a silk as you describe was trimmed with folds of plain satin cloth, of a shade slightly darker than the deepest tone of the silk. These folds were graduated in width, the broadest finishing the edge, the skirt being mounted at the belt in box plaits. The body was an écru lace blouse, with a loose bolero the box plaits of which continue over the lace to the belt in the slatted effect so much liked this season. For anyone at all inclined to be heavy, the lace need not be bloused at the back and sides, but neatly drawn into the girdle.

2.—If one is to choose between the Eton coat and the blouse, certainly the latter is more popular this season. The plain round Eton coat is not very much seen, the greater preference being for the models lengthened into tails or postilion at front and back, or with basques.

3.—Moiré antique or moiré taffeta is rather to be preferred to the tucked taffetas, though that too is greatly liked. You cannot go far wrong in using any of these materials for the season's coats, whether long or short.

Mrs. D. S., Cincinnati.—The ruffled linings are very useful for the fronts of shirtwaists, as they give a natural looking fulness which is quite desirable in the present straight front effect. These linings are made separately and are trimmed with frills.

Dressmaker.—Folds or creases in fabrics must be removed before the material is made up. If desired, the fold down the center of the skirt front may be left in. Many persons like it to be seen, as it shows the newness of the goods.

A. P. W., East Douglas, Mass.—White satin makes a very pretty waist to wear with a black taffeta skirt, but as you say you are large, I would not advise it. Why not get a waist of black lace, lining it with black? These lace waists are very pretty transparent, or over white, but are then apt to increase the apparent size. If you wish white, however, I should prefer rather heavy white lace, as it wears well, and cleans far better than the satin, and being dull in finish will not make you appear so large.

E. F. W., Guilford, Conn.—Whether or not the young lady in question shall have a slight dip to her graduation gown depends on several things. First, upon her age. If she is sixteen or seventeen at least, and her school days are over, the slight train will not be out of place, but if younger than that and she is graduating merely from the preparatory school, and is going on with her studies in some more advanced seat of learning, I should advise that the skirt be cut round. It is rarely wise for a girl to be forced early into even an apparent maturity.

H. W. N., Jordan, Mono county, California.—We have had the skirt you refer to, Fig. 478, on page 10, of the April number PICTORIAL REVIEW, very carefully measured, and find that it will require eight yards of material thirty-six inches wide. This is allowing for material with a right and wrong side, and an up and down. Of material somewhat wider, it would, of course, require rather less, but as the flare is so great you should have at least six and one-half yards of material forty-two inches in width.

I find the opinion of the cutters is that your lining should be cut from the same pattern. Personally, I do not agree with them, as skirts of such great width are difficult to walk in. I should advise a slip skirt of five gores or better still a three-piece underskirt, with a gored front breadth, and circular sides. It goes without saying that this should be perfectly fitted at the hips, the fit of skirts being at present a far more important matter than the fit of the body portion.

For the lining, of course, there is nothing equal to a rather soft finished taffeta, but if that is more expensive than you care for, you will find percaline as good as any of the cotton fabrics. I do not know the San Francisco prices, but in New York a sufficiently good quality for skirt lining can be had for fifteen cents a yard.

For the outer skirt no stiffening whatever is used, the rows of stitching on the edge being considered to give sufficient body. But many persons face such an edge with a bias strip of taffeta to prevent the skirt from clinging too closely at the ankles, impeding the walk. This should be done by hand after the stitching has been done in the material itself.

Some of the inner skirts, however, are finished with a single row of wire or featherbone just above the dust ruffle, to help keep the skirt flare in place. Like everything else this has advantages and disadvantages, chief among the latter being that the wire speedily wears out the slip skirt.

If I were in your place, I should have no lining at all, but wear the outer skirt over a very nice taffeta petticoat, made to clear the ground by about an inch. If you are not used to the idea, it may at first seem impractical, but for a considerable period very handsome gowns have been made in that way, one petticoat serving for several gowns, always providing, however, that the latter are not of transparent materials. These petticoats are made in such a way as to be adjusted well below the waist line, so that the fit of the outer skirt shall not be interfered with.

I. H., Chicago, Ill.—The skirt pattern you mention, No. 814, illustrated in the June number of PICTORIAL REVIEW, will require eight and one-half yards of material, twenty-two inches in width. This estimate is made for material without pattern or nap, but allows, of course, for a right and wrong side. Still sufficient allowance is made for a small pattern or figure.

The measurements for stock size patterns are twenty-four inches, waist; forty-two inches, hip, and forty-three inches, length in front, the dip at the back varying from eight to nine inches longer on different patterns, according to the style.

All patterns illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW are to be had of the American Fashion Company, 853 Broadway, New York city, and may be ordered by mail. All orders must be accompanied by cash or postal order for the amount quoted as the price of the pattern.

ELABORATE GOWNS FOR DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS.

(Described on page 41.)

Home Dressmaking.

CHILD'S PIQUÉ COAT.

THE little coat illustrated this month is simple and practical, as well as stylish. It is suitable for development in almost any of the season's fabrics, washable or otherwise, and coats of this style and cut are seen in piqué, drill, butcher's linen or the linen canvas or crash that is enjoying such a popularity, as well as in moiré antique, taffeta, satin, pongee, mohair or the soft light weight broadcloths, according to the special purpose for which it is intended.

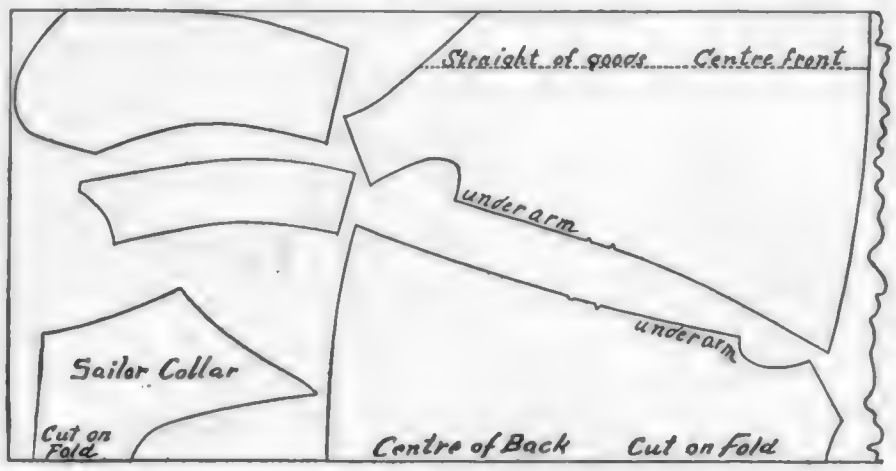

Fig. 1.

If made of butcher's linen, piqué, or white drill, the material should first be thoroughly shrunken, even if it is not destined for the tub after making up, as this prevents the coat from losing its shape. A coat made of any of these materials requires no lining, and many of the silk, mohair and pongee coats are made without lining of any sort, the latter being suited to traveling, as they shed the dust.

There is nothing at all difficult in the cut or make up of this little garment, and any good sewer can manage it without much trouble if the instructions and plan are carefully followed. The cut of the coat is the half fitting sack style, with a double breasted box front, and it is very unlikely to require any additional adjustment, with the exception, perhaps, of the shoulder seams.

The pattern must be carefully laid on the material as indicated in Cut No. 1, which is specially devised in order that there shall be no waste of material. Be sure to observe that the straight of the goods lies exactly down the center front and back, else the garment will have that ugly skew seen on carelessly cut clothes. That is very important as no amount of after work will remedy such a defect, and it is a very simple matter to avoid making such a mistake.

In the plan no seams are allowed for, all the outlines indicating the line for the stitching. It is always well to allow a generous margin, as it is always far easier to take from than to add to them. The pattern is all carefully marked with notches showing where the various portions join. If the coat is unlined and of washable stuff, the coat may be stitched up, after it has been tried on, and any desirable changes made. The finish of such a seam should be very flat. They may either be outside seams, or they may be opened on the inside and bound with soft tape. The bottom of the coat is finished with a bias facing. For these unlined coats the collar, too, is unlined, and as pictured in the illustration is ornamented with an irregular appliqué trimming.

It is rarely advisable, however, to copy exactly a model you find illustrated, no matter how charming it may be, and a little ingenuity and trouble will enable one so to vary the copy as not to give the faintest hint of the source. This very model, for instance, permits of great variation, the cut in every instance remaining precisely the same, yet the general effect will not even suggest our illustration. Who will recognize the model if developed, for instance, of dull blue butcher's linen, without trimming of any sort upon the skirt portion, but with a border of white upon the sailor collar. The joining being concealed under an appliqué of white, embroidered in blue linen floss. The white border is ornamented with French knots done in blue, and the blue portion of the collar has French knots worked in white.

And again in pongee, embroidered in self color, or in ash colored linen canvas decorated with the gay Bulgarian embroidery. In dark blue moiré française the collar might be one of the *lingerie* type of finely tucked white linen, inset with medallions or other lace ornaments. A simpler style would be of mohair, the collar of white silk or panné cloth, bordered with stitched straps of the material of the coat, or with velvet ribbon graduated in width.

Fig. 2.

If a lining is desired, and the material of the coat is suitable, the lining may be of china silk if for Summer wear, or of soft satin finished peau de soie or foulard. It should be cut by the same pattern as the outside and may be separately seamed, joining the outside only at the shoulders, neck and sleeves, and down the fronts, even the hem at the bottom being separately finished after the style of a man's overcoat lining. If desired, the lining may be slip stitched down the under arm seams to keep it in place, and hemmed down by hand at the edge to the outside, but that is quite a delicate piece of handiwork to accomplish without altering the fit.

* * *

Dodo is a spoiled child, whose freaks are humored by a too indulgent family, but dreaded by outsiders. The other day she came in and began to fondle Sister, first rubbing her cheek up and down with her own, then with her lips, finally with her tongue.

"The faithful dog licks his master," she said.

Quick as a flash Sister drew off, and "handed her" a couple on either cheek.

"The master licks the faithful dog," quo' she.

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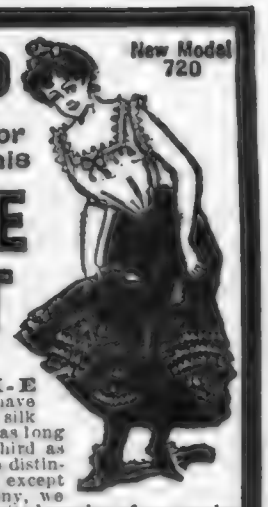

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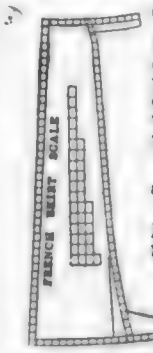
FRENCH SKIRT SCALE



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NEW DESIGNS FOR FANCY BLOUSES.

(Described on page 41.)

IN MOTHERLAND.

THE CHILD IN THE LIBRARY.

THE kindergarten methods created such a furore a few years ago, that criticism was very ill received by its advocates. One was called antidiluvian, medieval, behind the times, and who knows what other bad names if one breathed even the merest doubt that there might be a flaw of any sort in this novel and delightful royal road to learning.

Of course it is eminently unfair to judge of any new departure until sufficient time shall have elapsed to make the test a fair one, but now that several batches of the first fruits of the kindergarten have attained years of what might be termed discretion, one may be pardoned for an adverse comment or two upon these new methods that were to revolutionize the entire educational system.

Certain it is that there has been a revolution in certain matters, but the question is, how much are we the better off for it? Take the matter of the alphabet, for instance. The old system of having an arbitrary order for the letters without reason was superseded by teaching the letters in the order of their importance, even if they were separately taught at all, the most advanced idea being to commence at once with spelling.

It is, however, more than doubtful if the rising generation is composed of any better spellers than those who learned their letters laboriously after the old methods, and learned to read from Noah Webster's primitive spelling book. By this no defense is intended of those interminable lists of words, at best but barely understood by the majority, which with their accompanying definitions, were to be learned daily by rote under the old system, now scorned as antiquated. The question is whether the modern method is any improvement upon the old, whether that happy medium has yet been chanced upon—of training the eye to a perfect sense of proportion, the ear to an exact sense of harmony, and the memory to such a point that no experience is ever lost, which go to make up the perfect speller. Whether the perfect speller is born and not made is yet an open question.

The practical defect of the present teaching of the alphabet is a very obvious one, that it unfits the pupil to consult encyclopedia and dictionary alike, the compilers of these being still sufficiently archaic as to observe the arbitrary form in which our alphabet has been handed down from the dim remoteness of prehistoric times.

The obvious answer to this is that after having mastered all the letters, it is a comparatively simple thing to arrange them in a regular order. This, upon the face of it, appears to be quite true, but the fact remains that if not acquired in early youth, it is, like the taste for Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper, never acquired at all.

There is much to be said for the antiquated empiric methods of teaching, especially when large numbers of children were taught at once, and in many cases the results were the same as those aimed at by the more modern and up-to-date methods of encouraging the child to progress and make research for himself.

Another significant fact among the children of the educated and well-to-do classes is the lack of general information on literary and historical topics. This is due, in part, no doubt to the greater attention to scientific and nature studies and to manual training. This is, perhaps, quite as it should be, but is there not too some justice in attributing this lack to the flood of books and magazines for children which aim to amuse only, are many of them foolishly sentimental in character, defective in literary style and lacking any feature of advantage whatever except to amuse and to pass the time away?

One of the worst charges brought by moralists against the novel of the period is that very fact, that it teaches nothing, aims at nothing, and at best only holds the mirror up to a society that ignores or denies the likeness. The "art for art's sake" defense made by the champions of such fiction is hardly applicable to juvenile literature.

Can there, then, be devised a better method of teaching a child the riches of his own language than to turn him loose in a well selected library of the best English literature. It is true that there is much that he will be the better without and that should wait for perusal for later years, but when one thinks of the inexhaustible mine of wealth that still remains there is little deprivation in subtracting a few that in moral tone or coarseness of diction appear unsuitable to a growing boy or girl.

It is well not to be too prudish in this matter of selection. Youthful intelligence, like water, will find its own level, and few children will be found who will force themselves to read what is beyond their understanding. Every book that has a stamp of truthfulness and exactitude in addition to that of purity and correctness of language may be safely left on the shelves. Shakespeare, Macauley, Scott, the Tatler, the Spectator, all these give a breadth of outlook, and a wealth of vocabulary hardly to be attained in any other way than by making them the daily companions of childhood.

In the removing of books that are considered undesirable for youthful perusal, great judgment should be exercised. It is an axiom that mystery is necessary to excite curiosity, and there has been a nameless charm surrounding forbidden fruit ever since the world began If, therefore, it is a possible thing to suppress such books utterly in the household, at least for a time, while providing such treasures as to leave no room for unsatisfied longings, the arrangement would be perfect. After this has been accomplished, give the children free rein among such books as remain upon the shelves. Children will, of course, chance upon books which will for the moment appear highly undesirable, but if the book has stood the test of time and become classic there is little to be gained by interference.

A lady of a family of book lovers who was brought up in this way recently related her earliest experience in this line.

"I was sitting alone in the library one day," she said. "I will not tell you how old I was, or rather, how young lest you would not believe me. I had read everything in the way of children's books in the house. I knew my little histories by heart. There was nothing to do. I was distinctly bored.

"All around me the books rose in serried ranks, row upon row, from floor to ceiling. I looked at them peevishly, discontentedly. All grown folks' books read by my father and mother. I went over and pulled out one with a gorgeous red and gold binding, 'The History of Civilization in Europe.' I put it back at once; I was fond of history, but this was not history as I understood it.

"As I pulled out book after book, glancing at each, not from interest but from sheer ennui, I displaced a little tiresome looking book in a homely brown binding. The book opened as it fell, and as I leaned over to pick it up I saw something about a naughty child. I turned at once to the first page and began to read. It was about a little girl. It was raining. She was alone in the library reading a book. Why it might be I, myself! No, for she was looking at a book about birds. I didn't care for birds. Then her cousin came in, and the likeness to myself diverged more and more widely, but I was fairly launched upon 'Jane Eyre.' When bedtime came I had one awful moment of fear lest my treasure be taken from me, for my mother disapproved. But my father said, 'Let her alone, it will do her no harm,' and I could hardly sleep that night for joy. To think of the wealth stored up in all those dingy little fat volumes! To my inexperience it seemed that they were all alike, yet mysteriously different. I had discovered a kingdom of my own. Columbus could have felt no greater elation in finding his new world than did I in finding mine. And though hard experience has taught me that few of the little fat books contained a 'Jane Eyre,' I would not part with the memory of that ecstatic anticipation for many a present and more substantial joy."

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TUB FROCKS FOR WARM WEATHER.

(Described on page 42.)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.*

FOULARD FROCK.

(Illustrated on cover.)

Frock of crimson foulard, printed in a deeper tone of the same color. Skirt is simple in cut, close fitting above, flaring at edge, cut out to show white chiffon over taffeta lining. Straps of taffeta are used to connect these cut-out portions, those of the lower being overlaid with squares of Irish crochet lace. The blouse repeats this idea, the straps continuing in box plaits upon the upper portion. Broad turned down collar of Irish crochet, and cravatte of white accordeon plaited chiffon, overlaid with square of lace. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

SUMMERY GOWNS OF CRÊPE AND FOULARD.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 821.—Gown of putty colored crêpe de chine, tucked at the back of the skirt from belt almost to the knee. The front is ornamented by four-leafed clover designs, tucked in the crêpe by hand. Collar, pointed yoke, and sleeve puff or Irish crochet lace. Cravatte with long ends of velvet ribbon. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 822.—Frock of satin foulard, narrow skirt panel, and shaped flounce of Irish crochet lace, strapped with foulard, and ornamented with diamond shaped pastilles of black velvet. Three rows of black and white striped silk finish the edge of the flounce. The blouse is of foulard, and lace trimmed to match the flounce, mounted upon a transparent yoke of tucked chiffon, with an appliqué of vine leaves. New sleeve, with large lace puff. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 823.—Gown of résèda crêpe de chine trimmed with bias folds of satin shaded in color, the deepest at the edge. The blouse is of silk Luxeuil lace, with a bolero of the same, the scallops defined by a band of green satin, the simulated capes at the shoulder being bordered with the same to carry out the shaded idea on the skirt. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

TRANSPARENT GOWNS OF NET AND LACE.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 824.—Gown of figured black Brussels net. Skirt is lightly gathered at belt, and held in place at the hips by spangled trimming, which also heads the group of narrow ruffles which border the skirt. The blouse has deep yoke of point de Venise, over gold tissue, and is trimmed with rows of spangled trimming to match skirt. Elbow mousquetaire sleeves. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 825.—Frock of mousseline de soie made over a satin slip. Both skirt and blouse are simple in cut, but ornamented with an elaborate appliqué of Chantilly lace, the former being finished with accordeon plaiting, sprung with a ruche. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 826.—Gown of black point d'esprit over black taffeta. The skirt has shaped flounce edged with two rows of velvet ribbon, and is mounted with tucks and headed by velvet framed diamonds of point d'esprit laid in horizontal tucks. Medallions are of black and white lace. Blouse repeats skirt effect and has collar over yoke of Irish crochet lace, the sleeves being slashed to show a puff to match. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

*Patterns of all garments of whatever design, illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW, may be obtained only from the AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, 853 Broadway, New York City, at the prices quoted. Mail orders must be accompanied by cash or postal orders.

HANDSOME SILK COAT.

(Illustrated on page 7.)

Fig. A.—Three-quarter coat of moiré antique or satin, the body portion being tucked, the skirt side plaited. Open box front effect of plain material, with tasseled ornaments. Cape collar, and cuffs of Venetian point in a Vandyked pattern. Pattern, $2.00. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

FANCY FROCKS FOR CALLING AND DRIVING.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 827.—Frock of crêpe mistral. Triple skirt laid in box plaits, each flounce being finished with festooned appliqué. Blouse is tucked at shoulders in a deep yoke to simulate cape collar, which is finished with Vandyked batiste embroidery. Narrow chiffon vest. New sleeve with double chiffon puff. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 628.—Frock of Liberty silk. Slightly full skirt gathered into shirred hip yoke. Flounces are headed by shirred tucks. Blouse has a deep yoke of puffed chiffon, with appliqué of flowers, is cut square, and finished without a collar. Full sleeve gathered at the shoulder. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 629.—Frock of silk gingham. Vest front on blouse, and panel of skirt of same material, embroidered in openwork. Three narrow shaped ruffles. Skirt fulness arranged in tucks at hip. Tucked blouse, with shaped cape collar of embroidery, very wide, and drooping over the shoulders. New sleeve, tucked in the upper portion. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

WHITE MOHAIR FROCK.

(Illustrated on page 9.)

Fig. B.—Frock of white mohair of very silky texture. Skirt with very narrow front panel and two flounces set from side seams. These are bordered with triple row of velvet ribbon graduated in width, widest at the edge. On the loose sack the order is reversed, the narrowest finishing the edge, being carried round to outline tabs of "slatted" front, a strip of Irish crochet lace being placed beneath, and showing between the slats. The effect of ribbon on slashed bell sleeve is especially happy. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; coat, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

FOR CHURCH AND FORMAL OCCASIONS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 830.—Suit of light weight panné cloth, in many gores, fulness laid in box plaits held by strap of fancy braid. Blouse with basque edged with braid, with graduated tucks at shoulder. Vestee of cloth with fancy braid and ornaments faced on the inside with appliqué. New collar and sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 831.—Costume of linen colored canvas, trimmed with stitched straps of cloth, and embroidered velvet pastilles. Body is bloused back and front, with a high girdle. Square sailor collar, with tabs of tucked mousseline and lace. Embroidered chiffon collar and vest. New sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 832.—Gown of Wedgwood blue etamine trimmed with stitched straps inlaid with embroidered batiste. Panel front. Hip yoke. Shaped flounce mounted in side plaits. Blouse slashed to show batiste, which, with lace inserting and edging, forms cape collar. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

DAINTY EFFECTS IN TEA GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 466.—Princesse gown with high bodice effect, of cashmere, with insertings. Deep yoke and elbow sleeves, of tucked batiste with lace ruffles. Rosette with long ends of velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

Fig. 467.—Tea gown of China silk, cut in strips alternating with Valenciennes inserting joined with a briar stitch of silk or chenille. Yoke and sleeves of tucked silk. Bertha and ruffle on sleeves of Valenciennes. Facings down the front of Irish crochet lace, forming panel. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

(Continued on page 41.)

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FROCKS FOR DRESS OCCASIONS.

(Described on page 42.)

HOW FRENCH IDEAS ARE OBTAINED FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET.

WHEN the Empire fell, people asked each other, "Who now will lead the Fashion?" It was the generally received opinion that it was the beautiful and extravagant Empress who was the arbiter of tastes, but this notion was speedily dispelled. Gowns, cloaks, bonnets all changed in style and shape with the changing seasons, Empress or no Empress, and Paris remained the center of the fashionable world as it does to-day.

The number of dressmakers who send for designs and "import privately," increases yearly. It is almost incumbent upon an establishment, however modest, wishing for a good clientèle, to send a buyer twice a year. This buyer is usually a woman and her duties are various.

In the first place, her object is to collect as many ideas as possible. These ideas include cut, general design, detail of trimming and color combinations. To be valuable to a practical dressmaker it is obvious that a general notion or even notes and sketches are of little value. Something far more exact must be obtained, and for this purpose tiny models are utilized, upon which the draperies are arranged to follow the original as closely as possible. This, of course, must be done the same day the garment is examined, in order that by a second trip to the headquarters of the great couturier, the first arrangement may be verified or rectified, as the case may be. Great difficulty is often experienced in obtaining materials similar to those used by the exclusive French houses, as many of them are woven to order with the understanding that they are not to be duplicated. Therefore the search for the proper textiles is in itself no mean task.

After a day spent in the bewildering precincts of the dressmaker and milliner it requires a cool head, steady nerves, a correct eye and a "feeling for color," as the painters say, to so manipulate the tools and materials at hand as to turn out a model which will prove a satisfactory memorandum.

Sometimes two buyers arrange their memoranda together, exchanging ideas and helping each other's memory, but this, of course, will not do if the buyers are from the same city. The more widely the cities are separated, the more satisfactory is likely to prove the collaboration. A young lady from New York who collaborated with another from Baltimore succeeded in bringing back some eighty models, in addition to the costumes purchased for the establishment she represents.

It is impegative that some purchases should be made, as the French eye is quick to detect anyone who has come "just to look," and a second time one would find it very difficult to see anything at all, the third time impossible.

"It is too bad, but everything, absolutely everything, in the establishment was sent off only this morning. A sudden order from Russia, you will understand. They will be glad to show Madame samples or sketches, but made up gowns they have not at present."

You will understand that this applies to the smaller establishments where only six to twenty French gowns are imported in the season, and is not true of the great houses which buy three or four hundred at a time.

The object is, then, to gain the greatest number of models, while buying as little as possible. The buyer referred to above purchases six costumes on each trip. She makes a point of buying no two at the same shop, if I may so designate those palatial establishments. This is in order that she may have the advantage of seeing six separate stocks.

The tiny models have one signal advantage over the costume models, that they are imported free of duty while the costumes are charged a duty of sixty per cent.

This buyer had a rather harrowing experience a short time since. The firm which she represents is composed of three very charming young women of excellent family who have their own way to make in the world. To this firm through interest was confided the difficult but flattering task of supplying the trousseau of a certain bride. It was to be the wedding of the season. No expense was to be spared and our young friends were to supply everything, including the costume of the bride's mother. Now it is well known of this lady that she is so fond of imported gowns that she will not even allow the taking in of the skirt belt, preferring to fasten it with a safety pin to having the least alteration. Being a "perfect thirty-six-inch figure," to borrow the expression from the cloak makers, the gowns made to that scale usually fit her without alteration. The buyer had made a special trip to Paris for this important order and after much cogitation selected what seemed to her a most suitable and beautiful gown for the occasion. The price was something tremendous but to her clients this point was of small account if the gown suited in other ways.

Now when such very costly gowns are sold it is with the understanding that it is the original work of art and that no copies shall be made. Occasionally with the gowns more reasonable in price, the agreement is made that no reproduction shall be sold within a certain considerable area, but in this case the gown was understood to be unique. The young buyer awaited its delivery with disquietude and was greatly relieved to hear of its safe arrival at its destination, also that her taste won golden opinions.

The wedding was to take place at Lenox and the day before, the buyer went out to make some purchases. Failing to find on Broadway what she sought, she wended her way over to Sixth avenue, where she was almost paralyzed with amazement to see the gown of the bride's mother, on a form in a shop window and conspicuously placarded with a price far below what her firm had paid in Paris. She quickly recovered herself, and entering the shop asked how long the gown had been displayed.

"Not more than an hour," she was assured. "The window had been arranged that very morning."

She immediately ordered the gown sent to her own firm and attended the undressing of the form in a fever of impatience.

"All is well that ends well," she said to me on relating the circumstance, "but, my dear, in buying gowns, I feel more than ever that I tread on very thin ice."

Of course when such contretemps occur and the purchaser discovers the particulars, the dressmaker has a very bad quarter of an hour, if she does not entirely lose the custom of the victim.

It certainly is annoying to buy an expensive frock in New York, wear it to a luncheon in Philadelphia or Baltimore and sit beside a replica of the frock. Yet these things do happen.

The strain upon a successful dressmaker is immense, especially if she attempts to vary her gowns to the extent that each one shall be a creation and show no signs of having been modeled upon any other. This is, of course, impossible, but each may be varied somewhat in color or general design so that there shall be no duplicates.

There are always customers who will demand exact copies of one or another of her gowns, but a woman of tact, and, I may add, principle, will persuade her patron that another shade will be more becoming to her peculiar complexion, that this material is too soft for her purpose. That such another cut will be favorable to the figure and so on. Very few women can resist the blandishment of the thought that her gowns are especially created for her, to bring out her best point of complexion and figure, and a dressmaker who honestly tries to do so will hardly fail of achieving, sooner or later, the success she deserves.

It's a very poor plan ever to copy exactly the designs illustrated in the fashion periodicals. Going as they do to countless dressmakers and private families, they serve as models to so many that they are undesirable except as suggestions to any one of exclusive tastes. To any one with the least power of adaptation it is quite possible to select certain features of certain gowns, and so to combine and blend them as to be to all intents and purposes an original design.

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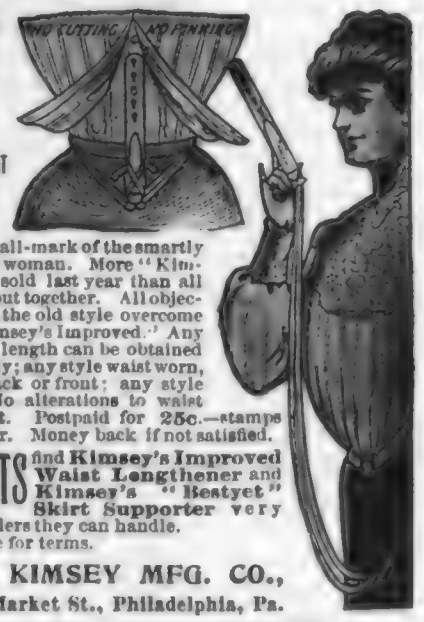

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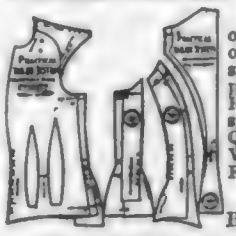

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USEFUL FROCKS FOR DAILY WEAR.

(Described on page 42.)

The Apple of Paris

COLD WATER AS A BEAUTIFIER.

ONE might paraphrase the title of a well known work, and write another on Beauty and Health. Certain it is that these two are one and inseparable. There is no beauty without health, and health itself has a beauty all its own. There flourished for a time a cult which preached the beauty of disease and decay, but we have well passed the portals of the new century and the *fin de siècle* ideas are as a tale that is told.

The sound body, then, has much to do with beauty, and any one desiring the latter would do well to cultivate the former. One may not correct the outline of the face or the shape of the features short of a surgical operation, but a clear wholesome complexion, bright eyes and fine teeth do much to redeem an otherwise plain face, and make it almost beautiful. It is the fresh beauty of perfect health that we call the beauty of youth, and youth is now becoming a lengthened period extending well into middle life, for those who know how to care for and preserve such beauty as has been provided by nature.

By this it is not intended that an eternal fuss should be kept up over one's self to the exclusion of other and more important matters, but that regular daily observance of the simple laws of health are a possibility for everyone.

But when one approaches the subject of cold water I think I see you shiver, and hear your teeth chatter at the very suggestion, that is if you are not already accustomed to your daily cold bath, but everyone, I say it advisedly, every one is the better for a cold water bath daily, and everyone can take it in some form or other. It is not every constitution that can stand the shock of a cold plunge. Even with the strongest, it is not well to take it colder than forty-nine degrees Fahrenheit.

In the beginning one should become gradually accustomed to the cold, lowering the temperature of the water two degrees each day. It depends upon the constitution and strength as to how cold one should have the first bath. To one quite unaccustomed, seventy-two degrees will be found quite cold enough for a commencement, and many persons cannot even bathe with advantage in water colder than sixty or even sixty-five degrees.

The test is the reaction. If one does not react promptly and feel the better for the bath all day, there is something wrong with the manner of taking it.

The body should be warm when the plunge is taken. If you have sat on the edge of the tub looking at the water, trying to summon all your resolution for the ordeal, until you are all goose flesh and shivering, the best course of action is to climb back into bed and get thoroughly warm again. Then having made your plunge, get thoroughly submerged once, climb out directly and give yourself a good rubbing down with a Turkish towel, soft or harsh as you prefer, and the quality of your skin requires. It is a mistaken notion to use these so rough and harsh that they break the skin.

Better than the plunge is the shower bath, if a properly equipped one is at hand. Certain of the physicians making special investigations into the water cures claim, however, that the force of water in an ordinary private house is insufficient to produce proper results. However this may be, many people take them daily with invigorating and stimulating results.

For the great majority, however, both these baths are too violent, and satisfactory reaction afterward does not occur. For them, then, is naturally indicated the sponge bath. This is, or seems to be at first sight, more trouble than any other method but the physicians who advocate it so freely say that this form of bath should be accomplished from head to foot in two to three minutes. If one allows five, daily experience will show that it may be readily accomplished in that time.

The water for this bath should be as cold as it can be obtained. The water should be turned on and allowed to run until there is no doubt that it will run no colder. Then dash the water rapidly with a sponge or large Turkish cloth over the entire person, "see sawing" the latter across the back and shoulders. Anyone having experienced the sense of exhilaration produced by this bath will certainly feel a great sense of injury if deprived of it even for a single day.

For very delicate persons it is advisable that a warm footbath should be provided, and that the bather should stand in this while taking the cold sponge. The doctors also suggest that the arms should be plunged into the cold water at once, as this lessens the shock, but experience has not borne out this assertion, in one case at least.

No form of the cold bath should, of course, be taken in a cold room, but if one or another of these shall be rigorously taken, day in and day out, one might almost promise perfect immunity from colds.

What one absolutely may promise is the disappearance of those ugly red spots and eruptions that disfigure the shoulders of so many when appearing in evening dress. Even when flannels are worn, these spots will disappear after a comparatively short period of regular cold bathing. Another office is that of a flesh food, as the flesh gains in firmness and fineness of texture under this treatment if systematically persisted in.

Salt is a great addition if the plunge is taken. It is not necessary to buy the so-called sea salt sold in the druggists. Any feed store provides rock salt at a mere trifle the bushel, which greatly decreases the cost of a sea bath at home. One should ask for the cleaned salt, which is, after all, not so very clean. Put this in a glass jar, cover the top with muslin and allow the water for the bath to trickle slowly in and overflow into the tub. The cloth prevents the dirt remaining in the salt from getting into the water, and by dissolving in this way the brine may be made as strong as desired.

* * *

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Lia Rand's greatest desire is to help those unfortunate ones who are afflicted with cutaneous disorders, and after years of study, both in this country and in Europe, she feels qualified to do so. Diet, of course, enters largely into this question in connection with which she has made it a special study, and her cookery page will well reward careful perusal.

With this end in view she has prepared her harmless Complexion Pellet, the use of which, combined with that of Perfecto Cream, causes pimples and skin troubles to disappear like magic.

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FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

(Described on page 42.)

USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

ON THE HYGIENIC WAY OF PREPARING VEGETABLES.

WE will go at once into the kitchen, and give this lecture to the cook—urge her to listen attentively. Recipes are well enough to have; to test them gives experience. Always maintain the most perfect cleanliness in everything pertaining to the kitchen and the cooking utensils.

Vegetables, meat, poultry and butter must be thoroughly washed. Do not be lavish of butter, sugar or spice. Too much of either does not improve the taste of food. The natural flavor should not be deadened by seasoning too highly. As perfume is to clothes, so is spice to food. A little is agreeable, too much is intolerable. Flavoring extracts that are made of essential oils are injurious. Fresh lemons and oranges, rose water and vanilla bean flavor nicely. Nutmeg should be sparingly used, although when dredged on spinach it augments the flavor. It is impossible to give the exact quantity of salt necessary to the different articles of food; it can only be learned by experience and so it is best to use a little at first and add more if necessary. I cannot too strongly impress upon everybody the necessity of carefulness in the preparations of a meal, no matter how simple. The digestion and temper of those who partake of it are at stake, and in the family general dissatisfaction prevails if the meal be bady prepared. A certain physician pretended to affirm that the stomach is the root of all evil. On the contrary, I believe if the stomach is only ordinarily well treated it is the source of a certain contentment a "ben essere," diffusing itself over both body and mind.

To return to the cooking. It is stated in pamphlets written by eminent physicians that the cooking of the present day is conducted so as to eliminate nearly all the vegetable salts. The water is thrown away and when the food is ready for table it is indigestible, having been deprived of its natural properties. Vegetable salts are especially serviceable when given in the form of food, therefore vegetables should be so prepared as to retain all the salts and render them more acceptable to the system. The best of all doctors, our good Lord, has provided certain edibles for man's sustenance and well-being, but man, in his ignorance, perverts His beneficent purpose.

The recipes that follow may seem a little complicated at first but any one can soon become accustomed to it, and will find the vegetables more palatable, easier of digestion and will see a marked improvement in the health of the family.

Asparagus.

Scrape the asparagus from the head downward, cut off the hard ends and put them in cold water. After washing carefully make small bundles and tie them. Have salted water boiling drop the bundles in carefully, cook slowly, or the heads may drop off, and the best part be lost. I recommend that a teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of sugar be put in the water they are boiled in, it enhances the flavor of the asparagus. When cooked drain off the water. It can be served in different ways, with melted butter, and grated hard boiled eggs sprinkled over them. However it is served. the bottom of the dish should be covered with dry or buttered toast. If served as a salad omit the toast. A nice novel way to serve it, is to melt a good sized lump of butter, mix three whole raw eggs, with it, and pour it over the asparagus. On the top of the sauce sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese and decorate with fried eggs. A nice sauce is made in the following way. Beat the yolks of the eggs with two teaspoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of cream, three quarters of a pint of asparagus water, one lump of sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Beat all quickly over the fire until just before it comes to a boil. Take it off quickly and mix in a piece of butter the size of an egg, pour some of the sauce over the heads of the asparagus and serve the remainder in a sauce boat.

A Fricassee of Asparagus.

After scraping the asparagus, wash it clean, cut each asparagus in three pieces, put the heads aside. Put a piece of butter as large as an egg in a stew-pan with two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little grated onion just enough to flavor, boil it until the flour rises and is a very light brown, pour stock or water gently over this, boil up and make a nice smooth sauce. While this is boiling put in the raw cut up asparagus and allow it to stew gently until soft. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a little of the sauce, and when the asparagus is served pour it over and garnish the dish with square cut fried bread.

Green Beans.

Make the sauce as for the Asparagus Fricassee, omitting the eggs. After the green beans are pared and cut small, wash them and pour them in the boiling sauce. Let them simmer until soft. taking care to add water or stock so not to allow them to burn. Cooked in this way they are delicious and wholesome, as they retain their natural salts.

Carrots.

Make the same sauce as for the green beans. Scrape and wash the carrots then cut them in thin long strips, put them in the boiling sauce and let them simmer until soft. Always add a piece of sugar to fresh vegetables, it does not make them taste sweet, but improves their flavor.

White Turnips.

Cook them like the carrots with the difference that they should be cut in the shape of small dice. See that the sauce remains white and add two pieces of sugar to it.

Cucumbers a la Poulette.

Make the sauce as for the green beans. Peel and cut the cucumbers (after the seeds are taken out) in oblong pieces as long as a finger. Stew them in the sauce until soft, serve with chops.

Cauliflower Fricassee.

Make the sauce as for the green beans. Take two or three small heads of cauliflower, clean and break off the flowers one by one, let them stand in salt and water for some time. When the sauce is boiling pour the cauliflower gently in and allow it to simmer until soft. Serve hot with plain boiled rice.

Green Peas.

Shell and wash the peas, put them in a stew-pan, make a ball of fresh butter and flour, put it in the middle of the peas, shake the pan until all the peas are moist, add soup or water to cover them half way, put on the lid and simmer them for two hours. Two pieces of sugar should be dropped in after they are salted.

Spinach.

Pick nice green spinach, wash thoroughly in two or three waters, put it into boiling salt and water and allow it to boil at a moderate rate for five minutes without being covered, so as to preserve its green. Throw it into the colander, put it under the faucet, and run plenty of cold water through it, squeeze well and chop it very fine. Then put it into a stew-pan with a generous piece of butter, bread crumbs, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg and a little soup. Stew this for some time, adding soup or water constantly; but only enough to keep it from burning. The addition of two tablespoonfuls of cream makes it richer and smoother.

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OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

BILLIEBOY AND THE BURGLAR.

WE haven't any country house of our own, so every summer we have to take a different one. This summer we have a big old white house with green blinds down on Long Island, away off from everybody else. We are not near the village, and the nearest house is ever so far off. Father calls it Lonesomehurst, but that isn't its real name.

We all like it pretty well, all but nights, if father is away. Even mother gets scared then, for there have been burglars in the neighborhood. Betsey is so little she don't know what they are, but she is terribly afraid of them and cries every night if she hears the least sound. They have been in two or three houses, and stolen silver and jewelry, and they went into the pantry and ate cold meat, and pie and cake, and drank wine and anything they could find. One of the Ffloyd-Smith boys says that they got into his house the other night, but he humped himself up in bed to look like a cannon under the bed clothes, so that scared them away, but I don't believe it. I never heard of anyone keeping a cannon in bed, and that Ffloyd-Smith is an awful bragger, anyway.

But my father bought me a real brass cannon for the Fourth of July. He brought it down before the Fourth, but he made me promise not to try to fire it until he did it for me. He promised to get up very early on the Fourth, as soon as the sun came up, and that's a great thing for my father to do, for he hates to get up before breakfast.

The Fourth of July eve Betsey and I were playing hide and go seek all over the house. Marie says that there's no such thing as Fourth of July eve, but I don't see why there isn't. We call the day before Christmas Christmas eve, and the day before New Year's Day New Year's eve, so I don't see why the day before the Fourth isn't Fourth of July eve. Anyway, we were playing hide and go seek, and when it came my turn to hide, I hid in the library. There was a davenport, that's a big sofa, you know, up against the wall, and it looked very shadowy underneath. I pulled it out a little and climbed in behind. There wasn't any carpet on the floor, and the rug didn't reach all the way in, so I pulled a couple of cushions off the davenport, and made a nice little bed in there. It was very comfortable, and Betsey didn't come to find me, and I was tired, so after a while I fell asleep. I didn't mean to go to sleep, and I didn't know I did, till I waked up. There was a light in the room, and I could hear voices. I was so sleepy at first I didn't know where I was. Then I remembered and I heard father's voice.

"No, Kelly," he said, "this is the end. I told you so the last time, and now I mean it. I have a wife and children to look out for, and my duty is to them."

"Well, let me see the papers once more at any rate," said Mr. Kelly—that's my father's partner. "I'm not sure about that last clause."

"God forgive me, Kelly," said my father, "but I don't trust you. You have played me so often before, and I am the only man in the house. You know that clause as well as I do, Kelly. The papers are locked up in the safe, and there they'll stay."

Then I came out. I didn't understand much of what they said, except that Mr. Kelly wanted father to do something he wouldn't do, but I knew I oughtn't to listen.

Mr. Kelly had just gone out of the room when I rolled out from underneath the davenport, but father was still there, his forehead all wrinkled up. He looked at me very sternly.

"How much did you hear, Billieboy?" he asked me, and I told him.

Then he gave me a little talking to about eavesdropping, and I told him how it happened. He said it was all right, but explained to me that I must never repeat what I happened to overhear, and was not intended for my ears, and I wouldn't have repeated this now, only for what happened after.

Mr. Kelly stayed to dinner, and I think he couldn't have minded very much what father said to him, for I could hear him laugh and laugh. My room is over the library. and the dining room is in the wing, just beyond. All the windows were open and I could sometimes almost hear what they said.

I didn't sleep very well, I was thinking so much about the Fourth of July and that brass cannon, and I was afraid I'd oversleep, so I kept having what Grandmamma's Deborah calls cat naps, sleeping a little and then jumping up. But after a long long time I went quite fast asleep, and I must have slept a good while, when I jumped up suddenly wide awake. There was a sound not very loud, of something splintering, like wood, and that stopped, and then you could hear something like filing. It came from somewhere below, outside.

I crept quietly out of bed, and went over toward the window. I couldn't see anything and the sound had stopped. I went out into the hall and down the stairs as quiet as a mouse, but the stairs would creak, and it sounded so loud, almost like a gun going off.

I could hear the sound of filing again, and I stopped to see if I could find where it came from. It seemed to be in the library, and then I was sure it was burglars, for that is where the safe is, and the silver is locked there every night.

I was too much surprised to be frightened. It didn't seem possible that burglars could get into our house. I went right to the library door, and threw it open. There was a dim light in the room, sharp at the edges and small, like the light from father's reading lamp. There was a man standing there with something black over his face, with holes cut for the eyes and nose. The man said two or three awful swear words, and the light went out. It sounds as if it all took quite a while, but it was all so quick that it seemed all in a flash.

I ran right upstairs to my father's room, and went in softly so as not to wake anyone else.

"Father," I said, "wake up. There's a burglar in the house."

Father jumped up like lightning, slipped on his bathrobe, and reached for his pistol, which he has kept under his pillow ever since we came down here, and heard about the burglars. Father started for the library, and I went right behind him. He didn't notice me, I know, for he was quite angry about it afterwards. When he opened the door

ARAB SCHOOL, ALGIERS.

there was no one there and the room was dark.

"Sure it wasn't a dream, Billieboy?" asked my father quite loud.

Then he turned up the light. For a moment everything looked quite as usual. Then he saw that one of the outside blinds was wrenched off. I think that must have been what waked me. By the safe lay several funny looking tools, and two or three little brown sticks.

"Dynamite, by Jove!" said Father. I was scared then, but father told me not to move. He went out and got a pail, filled it with water and laid the little brown sticks in very carefully. Then we went out down the road ever so far away from the house, beyond the stables, and left the can there. On the way back father said:

"How many did you say there were, Billieboy?"

"Father," I said, "there was only one, and that was Mr. Kelly."

"What!" said Father.

"I'm quite sure of it, Father," I said. "I knew him the moment he spoke."

We went back to the house at double speed, and upstairs to the guest room, and Father knocked on the door. There was no answer at first, and only a grumble in a very sleepy voice after the second knock.

"Let me in, Kelly," said father quite softly. Still no answer. Father turned the knob, but the door was locked, so he just put his shoulder against it, and gave it a jerk, and in it flew, and there stood Mr. Kelly by the window, all dressed.

"Go to your room, Billieboy," said father, "and put on your bath gown and slippers and wait there till I call you." All this time I was only in my pajamas, and barefooted, but I never thought of feeling cold.

It seemed a very long time before I was called. Finally father came to my door, and I went down with him. Mr. Kelly looked very red and angry.

"Well, my young friend," said he in a very disagreeable way, "aren't you proud of yourself."

"None of that, now, Kelly. I don't wish you to speak to the boy at all. Now Billieboy, tell us exactly what happened." And I did.

"Well, sir," Mr. Kelly said, still in that disagreeable way, "that boy of yours has been one too much for me. I didn't count on him being a dirty spy."

I think I never saw my father so angry. I thought for a minute he was going to choke Mr. Kelly, and he made him apologize. It is very uncomfortable to have a grown person apologize to you.

"What I can't forgive you, Kelly, is that dynamite. With my wife and children in the house.

Mr. Kelly gave a horrid little laugh.

"That dynamite," he said, "was nothing but brown wax, the intention being to give the impression of an 'outside job.'"

I think father had forgotten I was there, but just then he noticed me again, and sent me off upstairs. I went straight to bed, and to sleep, and the next morning there was no sunrise gun, for I never woke up till after ten o'clock.

Father said Mr. Kelly must have had help, for he never could have managed alone, and sure enough the next morning the coachman was gone. Mother says she never trusted that coachman anyway, and as the robberies in the neighborhood stopped, and we never saw the coachman again, lots of people think he was one of the burglars who robbed other people's houses.

But Mr. Kelly isn't father's partner any more.

The House Wife

THE uses of kerosene, other than for purposes of illumination, are manifold. For polishing parquette floors many excellent housekeepers prefer it to beeswax, or any other polish whatever. Certainly there is nothing better for polishing windows, mirrors and other household glass.

In conjunction with wood ashes to clean the old fashioned zinc bath tubs, it has no superior. The ashes must be undoubted wood ashes only, without any admixture of coal. It must be passed several times through a reasonably fine sifter, and once through a very fine one in order that no sharp, hard particles shall remain, as these would leave irremediable scratches. A cloth then is moistened with the oil and dipped in the ashes, and this process, if persisted in, will keep the tub surprisingly bright and new looking. It must, however, have been used from the beginning, as nothing but replating will restore the surface after it has once been defaced. It will not serve either if salt is habitually used in the bath, as that discolors and defaces beyond repair. An enamel or porcelain tub, the former being by far the cheaper, is highly desirable. To cleanse these use soap or borax, as ammonia or other cleansing fluids or powders injure the enamel, and even sapolio will scratch the highly finished surface. We hear from Germany that there is some new process that will enable us all to have glass bath tubs at merely nominal cost.

To return, however, to kerosene—it is excellent as a discourager and exterminator of insects, very few prevailing against the first application of it, and none at all after the second. The odor is, however, so very offensive, that many prefer something not so efficacious, to enduring the unpleasantness. A mixture of borax and sugar is excellent as a preventive of cockroaches and croton bugs. There are, of course, innumerable patent preparations for this purpose of greater or less excellence, and in the cities and larger towns quite a number of persons make a comfortable living by exterminating vermin, their process being, of course, their own secret. A New York housekeeper had a rather peculiar experience with one of this trade a short time since. Having contracted that her house, a private residence, should be kept free from rats, mice and all sorts of vermin for the period of a year, the consideration being, by the way, fifteen dollars, what appears to be a sufficiently ample sum, the man visited the house twice and came no more. Justice compels the statement that neither did the rats, mice, croton bugs or cockroaches in whose behalf his services had been enlisted. But after a time a colony of ants which had been dislodged by building in the neighborhood, took up their abode in the cellar. Post haste then the vermin exterminator was sent for, but he declined to obey the summons on the ground that ants are not vermin. Legally it seems he was within his rights, and the mortified housekeeper exterminated her own ants. It is superfluous to add that next year, that contract, if entered into at all, will be more carefully drawn, and to include everything that creeps, crawls, walks, jumps, flies or runs, that should not be found in a house. The master of the house, however, points out that this will include Fido and the canary, but then the master is not fond of animals.

* * *

With the advent of hot weather it is well to change the bed covering from the more or less elaborate ones in use during the winter, to something lighter in weight and easier to handle and launder. For this purpose coverlids of dimity are shown, and fulfil the requirements of a summer bed spread to perfection.

Window curtains of mull or swiss printed in floral designs in colors are also shown for summer cottages. They are admirably soft and light, as are also those of madras with a raised pattern in self or contrasting colors, the latter being rather the more expensive.

* * *

In washing the washable gloves care must be taken that they shall not change their shape nor shrink under the operation. To prevent this they should be put upon the hand, with all care, seeing that each seam is perfectly straight and in its proper place. If of chamois or wash leather, use some good white soap. If of taffeta lisle, or cotton, a little ammonia may be added to the water if the dirt is at all obstinate, and if the gloves are inclined to look yellow, the least suspicion of bluing may be mixed with the clear water of the last rinsing. Both sorts of gloves, cotton or leather, must be dried upon the hands, the process being facilitated by pressure with a very soft Turkish towel.

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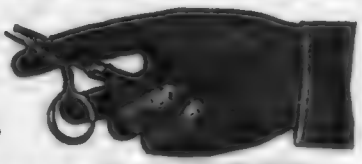

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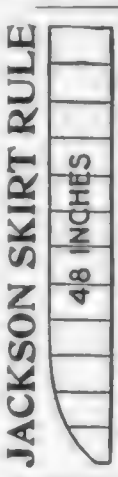

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INTERIOR DECORATING.

THE modern tendency in the arrangement of the household is to make the dining room the handsomest and most comfortable in the house, the argument being that it is the room above all others where the united family meet the most frequently and spend the most time. The drawing room even takes a secondary or even a tertiary place unless it is also the family sitting room.

Of the dining room the furnishing should be always of a solid and substantial character without any of the knick knacks which may be introduced into rooms of a different character and purpose.

This does not imply by any means that the furniture must be heavy and clumsy. Many charming rooms for this purpose are furnished after the Chippendale, or kindred styles. The sideboards of these types are not heavy in style nor are they often very tall, partaking more of the nature of a dresser, or long, low side table. The word "dresser," by the way, is frequently nowadays, and incorrectly, applied to a chiffonier or dressing table, but its ancient application was to a side table in kitchen, dining room or banqueting hall, where it served the purpose of a sideboard, or buffet, sometimes all three. Between repasts it served the purpose of a china closet, the china and silver being bestowed upon and within it for safe keeping.

ENTRANCE HALL—Residence of Henry Alloway, Esq., Goshen, N.Y. Charles Crary Thain, Architect.

The charming interiors, photographs of which illustrate this page, are in the residence of Henry Alloway, Esq., at Goshen, N. Y. The peculiar beauty of this house is that, colonial in style, the furniture is genuine of that period, mostly heirlooms inherited by the owners, or purchased by them from relatives.

In the dining room are to be particularly noted the "fiddle back" or "Vandyke" chairs, excellent specimens of their kind, and the charming little cupboards built into the house, in which are stored a valuable collection of old blue and white china.

In the hall, the "davenport" sofa and the consol table at the back of the stairs are also treasures of the colonial period.

In the bedroom, of which, unfortunately, we can show no illustration, historical accuracy is observed as closely as is consistent with modern comfort. The bed is a huge four-posted affair, with a tester, hung with the antique white netting, and with a coverlet of dimity for summer, and the priceless hand-woven blue and white spread for winter. On the mantel shelf the silver candlesticks are covered by tall "bells" of glass open at the top, in which aforetime the candles burned steadily, secure from passing draughts.

DINING ROOM, of the Same House.

In the arrangement and furnishing of a house the transition from one room to another should not be too sudden in style or coloring. Something of a contrast is often to be desired, but if too great the result is apt to be clashing. An entrance hall should blend many dull colors in a house where the rooms are furnished in the varying style of different periods, but if one general design is followed, the hall may be in accordance with that or of quite a different type, so long as the coloring is not inharmonious. For a town house, or one used only in the winter, there is nothing to compare with red. As a background for pictures it is unrivaled, whether paintings, etchings or engravings, provided the tone is sufficiently deep.

Still, even this glorious coloring may be overdone. It is rarely advisable to have any color unrelieved, red above all. There was a slight difference of opinion between the architect, and the house committee of a certain fashionable club, quite recently, anent the "doing over" of the billiard room. The architect wished the entire room of a fine scarlet, this royal color to continue even upon the ceiling, between the painted and gilded panels, but the house committee, approving everything else, took exception to covering the billiard tables in red cloth. A compromise was agreed upon, making the carpet a rich, mossy green, and covering the tables with the usual green baize.

Social Observances and Etiquette.

VISITING CARDS AND FORMAL INVITATIONS.

FOR a tea of informal character the hostess may use her visiting card in inviting her guests, the date being engraved or written in the lower left hand corner, the cards of her daughters, or others of the receiving party being enclosed with it. If the reception is of more consequence, a special card is required. This card is of large size and engraved according to the following form:

Mrs. James Henry Smith
The Misses Smith
At Home
on Monday, February the fourth
from four until seven.
Three thousand and one, Fifth avenue.

If the tea is given for anyone in particular, that fact is stated often by writing at the top of the card, "To meet Miss Brown," though, when the formal engraved card is used, the words are often engraved below the names of the receiving party.

When the reception is a "coming out," the name of the débutante is engraved by itself, even if there are several young ladies of the same surname, as

Mrs. James Henry Smith
The Misses Smith
Miss Helen Smith,

this form serving as notification that the young lady separately mentioned is making her début and is a candidate for social honors.

It is not good form to write "congratulations," or "regrets," or "condolences" upon a visiting card, whether sent by mail or left in person. Any occurrence sufficiently important to call for any of these expressions, is important enough to require a note. In sending a gift it is permitted to pencil an appropriate word or two.

For invitations all dates and addresses are written out in full, no numbers being employed. Fashion decrees the same form in all notes, and tabooes all contractions as well as numbers, even visiting cards, though much smaller than formerly, conforming to this rule. Many persons, not extremists in such matters, follow a medium course by having the number of the house in numerals, while the street number is written out in full. There must, of course, be no contractions in the name on the visiting card, whether of initials or other. This does not apply of course to the expressions Mr. and Mrs., which through long custom, now rank as words. It is, by the way, a freak of the moment to have these engraved Mr and Mrs, an exception to the rule of no contractions.

It is not the custom in this country to attach the initials indicating conferred rank or degree, as Ph.D., LL.D., and so on, but this is occasionally seen, and there is no good reason against their use. It is quite usual in England to see a string of such indications of learning, comprising the greater part of the alphabet, after a single name. A woman, however, does not share in the slightest degree in such honors when they pertain to her husband, and "Mrs. Dr. Smith" as is occasionally seen, is quite wrong, even if the lady herself is a physician, the card reading in that case,

Harriet Smith, M.D.

It is still a vexed question in such a case, as to the proper manner of indicating whether the bearer of the title be married or single. The answer which many of the "new" variety of women make to that is quite obvious, that we do not expect a man to indicate, either upon his visiting or business card, whether he is married or still in a state of single blessedness. Why, then, require it of a woman? Still, as a woman's title depends upon it, it is just as well to know what to call her, as the custom in that matter of the Society of Friends does not prevail in the world at large.

Various sorts of type are used in the visiting cards, many people adopting a style and never varying from it. On such cards may be seen the old-fashioned delicate script, fashionable many years ago. A bold, round script is still used, but the most fashionable are the Roman text and old English, the latter being the newest. The highest authority denies the use of the Roman to unmarried women, and grants it but grudgingly to the married ones, contending that it is primarily for a man's club card, and only used by a stretch for other occasions. As it has been enthusiastically taken up, however, this dictum does not appear to stand.

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SOME MARVELOUS GOWNS.

ACCORDING to some of our French contemporaries the sums expended at present by some of the fashionable women are simply enormous. One of the largest Paris houses has just completed gowns valued at $200,000, for one customer, and another famous house received the sum of $20,000 for one single toilette fashioned for a South American heiress. In view of this the amount expended on the train worn by the Russian Empress at her coronation can hardly be taken into consideration. This train was one mass of silver embroidery and it took eight girls six weeks, night and day, to work it. The bill for it was just $5,000. A woman of fashion and elegance expends to-day about ten times as much as the belles of twenty years ago, and this extravagance seems steadily on the increase.

A visit to some of the foremost modistes of London corroborates this. A gown of cream or black lace, comparatively simple, costs between $120 and $200; a blue serge $100, and an elegant soirée gown of silk or satin, with embroidery or hand painting, from $250 to $300.

Almost fabulous sums are paid for lace, because the latter is worth its weight not alone in gold, but in diamonds. On the gown mentioned above for the South American heiress, the lace alone was valued at $18,000. As a further example of the cost of lace we may state that the price of a single handkerchief made at St. Gall in Switzerland, is $12. The value of lace, however, like wine, increases with age. The Dowager Queen of Italy possesses a lace handkerchief 300 years old, valued at $10,000.

A peculiar kind of lace, made of very fine flax thread and human hair, is called "point tresse" and its price is simply fabulous. A French collector owns a very small square made of the gray hair of the Countess Margaret of Lenox, the mother of the unfortunate Earl of Darnley, and valued at $5,000.

We sometimes hear of gowns made of material so rare and unusual that they are preserved as examples of what human ingenuity can accomplish. In this category may be classed a gown made of insects' wings, which brought a fortune to the owner and is still worth a fortune to-day. It belongs to a lady who received it from an Indian rajah as a wedding present, and is made of the wings of 15,000 insects peculiar to India, fastened on soft satin and having a peculiar, green iridescence. The lady in question is an actress, the wife of Mr. Sam Edwards, and wore the gown on the stage where it created such a furore that several ladies were eager to have one like it, but found it impossible to duplicate it owing to the rarity of the insect and the difficulty of fastening the wings without mutilating them.

Even among uncivilized races the costliness of the raiment is in some instances remarkable. Thus, for instance, at the Fisheries Exposition held in London about twenty years ago, there was exhibited a garment belonging to the royal family of the Sandwich Islands. It was made of red, black and yellow feathers, and the bird that furnished the yellow feathers is extinct long ago, having always been so rare that about one hundred years were required to gain enough feathers for the garment because each bird furnished only three or four feathers of the necessary flawless quality. The garment was valued at $500,000.

POINTS IN WEDDING ETIQUETTE.

A few words regarding quiet weddings: Although a bride wears traveling dress she can carry a bouquet if she wishes to do so, as traveling dresses in these days are made so elaborate and smart that flowers do not appear out of place. She can also be attended by as many as four bridesmaids, but their dresses should be in accordance with that of the bride and they can also carry bouquets; guests may be invited to the church only to witness the ceremony and a breakfast served to the immediate family and relatives.

At a home wedding the same rules apply, the guests necessarily being limited. Usually only the families of the contracting parties and the nearest relatives are invited, and remain, of course, to the breakfast. It is optional with the bride to give a larger reception when she is settled in her new home, to which her own and her husband's friends are bidden. Where the wedding is celebrated in such a quiet manner it is customary to send out wedding announcement cards.

As has already been stated, when the young couple are settled in their own home, it is customary to issue At Home cards and only such persons are invited as the young people choose to keep as friends. It is an easy and sensible opportunity for carefully rearranging one's social list, because there are limitations to hospitality, which are frequently more necessary than agreeable. This list of old friends and acquaintances cannot be too seriously considered and sifted, and no moment is so favorable as at the beginning of housekeeping.

APHORISMS.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

* * *

The accumulated knowledge of ages is sometimes revealed by a kiss. Where wisdom is bliss it is folly to be ignorant.

Pictorial Review

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DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 29.)

Fig. 468.—Tea gown, close fitting at back and sides, of velvet or satin, trimmed with Vandykes of Venetian point. Deep yoke and vest simulating under dress of chiffon. Pattern, $1 50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

FANCY FROCKS OF VARIOUS STUFFS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 833.—Frock of printed foulard in red and white. Skirt with seam up the middle of the front, overlaid with batiste appliqué in a grape vine pattern which broadens to cover shaped flounce. Same appliqué gives deep cape effect at shoulders. Rows of narrow lace braid run down blouse fulness. Pattern, blouse, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 834.—Blouse of embroidered batiste. Skirt mounted at belt in groups of tucks. Shaped flounce similarly mounted and headed by tucks joined by fagotting. Blouse is formed of groups of tucks and strips of plain material overlaid with appliqué of connecting diamonds. Upper group of tucks, defining yoke, are caught back by stitch forming a tiny scallop. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 835.—Frock of pink linen, hand embroidered in white. Front panel outlined by appliqué. Shaped flounce edged by group of half-inch tucks. Skirt fulness laid in tucks at hip. Tucked blouse with yoke of hand embroidery, outlined by appliqué. New sleeve. Rosette of pink Liberty satin. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

COLLARLESS BLOUSES OF WASHABLE MATERIALS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 399.—Blouse of sea green mercerized mull, tucked and trimmed with lace insertings. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 400.—Blouse of silk and cotton grenadine, with yoke and vest of material laid in tucks and trimmed with Mechlin insertings. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 401.—"Gibson" blouse of white India linen, tucked in groups. Trimming of diamonds of horizontal tucks, framed in inserting, graduated in size. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 402.—Blouse of silver blue tucked silk gingham. Cape collar, and shield trimmed with diamond shaped medallions. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. S105.—Skirt of etamine, close fitting in the upper portion, and below the knees slashed into tabs showing the underskirt, and outlined and strapped with embroidery. Tucked flounce. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S106.—Skirt of moiré Renaissance, upper portion laid in graduated vertical tucks. Shaped flounce, edged with three rows of velvet ribbon and mounted with velvet ribbon connecting medallions, between rows of inserting. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S107.—Skirt of Louisine, laid in tucks simulating box-plaits. Shaped flounce mounted with tucks. Trimming of narrow velvet ribbon and diamond shaped lace medallions. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S108.—Skirt of moiré taffeta trimmed with ruche edge flounces of accordeon plaited chiffon, and mounted with ornaments of Renaissance lace. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S109.—Gored skirt with added portion forming tabs over a shaped flounce. Trimming of two widths of velvet ribbon, and pastilles in form of rings. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

BATHING SUITS OF SILK AND MOHAIR.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 59.—Bathing suit of dark blue mohair, trimmed with white mohair, and narrow braid. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 60.—Bathing suit of black washing silk, trimmed with white sailor collar and straps, with scarlet braid. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 61.—Bathing suit of blue Galatea, with collar, shield, tie and girdle of white Galatea with blue braid. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FANCY BLOUSES FOR COOL AFTERNOONS.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 453.—Pompadour blouse of Liberty satin with Vandykes of point de Venise. Yoke and vest of tucked chiffon, with velvet bows. Scarf drapery of chiffon. Elbow sleeve with drapery of lace and satin. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 454.—Blouse of tucked Louisine. Rounded cape collar of tucked Liberty satin, bordered with appliqué of wall flowers overlaid on lace. Shield, scarf, vest, and cuff of Irish crochet lace. Girdle of velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 455.—Blouse of satin foulard, printed in Pompadour colorings, trimmed with buttoned straps of black satin piped with white. Rounded yoke of tucked foulard. Lace cravatte. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 456.—Blouse of black point d'esprit over white silk, trimmed with ribbon velvet and appliqué bow knots. Yoke of tucked white mousseline de soie. Puffed sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 457.—Blouse of heliotrope peau de soie, laid in side plaits. Vest and full sleeves of tucked peau de soie of a lighter shade. Ornaments of square and diamond shaped Irish crochet in several sizes. High girdle of violet panne. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ELABORATE GOWNS FOR DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 836.—Frock of eolienne, trimmed with rows of half-inch velvet ribbon and appliqué. The skirt has a narrow front panel. At the sides quite a new effect is obtained by mounting the flounces with puffing, and running the material on cords. The blouse is also formed of similar puffings and gatherings, the yoke being formed of tucked material overlaid with guipure appliqué, below which is arranged a sort of bib effect, simulating the fashionable loose jackets. The sleeve is entirely new, and very full. Pattern, skirt, $2.00; blouse, $2.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 837.—Evening gown of white Chantilly lace, with spangled ornaments, and satin appliqué in Persian design. Skirt is quite plain in cut, and finished simply with a chiffon ruche. Smaller ruches outline the applied satin figures. The blouse carries out the same design, and has a high girdle of gathered chiffon, the fulness confined by rows of narrow velvet ribbon, finished with little bows. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; corsage, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 838.—Frock of crêpe de chine, laid in groups of tucks, between which the plain material is overlaid with appliqué. Entire blouse is tucked, and finished with puffs and ruffles on the sleeves, and a scarf in front of accordeon plaited chiffon, with lace ends. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

NEW DESIGNS FOR FANCY BLOUSES.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 839.—Blouse of black guipure over white taffetas. Interlining, vest and rosette of white chiffon, a ruffle of which also underlies the lace ruffle of the elbow sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 840.—Blouse of pearl gray peau de soie, with effect of inverted tuck underlaid with pale blue. On either side of these a fagotting of gray twist shows the blue. The diamonds are of white, with blue French knots, outlined with fagotting, and spider web centers worked in twist. A row of écru inserting run with velvet baby ribbon and peau de soie in vertical tucks form lower part of blouse. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 841.—Blouse of tucked batiste, with rows of fagotting and diamond shaped medallions of batiste embroidery. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 842.—Blouse of white Liberty satin trimmed with white Irish lace, forming yoke and Vandyke collar piped with black. Below the yoke the blouse fulness is arranged in box plaits overlaid with Irish inserting. Duchess opening. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

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Fig. 843.—Blouse of satin foulard laid in tucks. Bolero, edged with elaborate embroidery. Bertha and cravatte of same embroidery. Entirely new sleeve with rows of fagotting. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

TUB FROCKS FOR WARM WEATHER.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 844.—Belted Russian blouse suit in linen crash, trimmed with bands of embroidery in red and blue. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 845.—Frock of blue and white striped barège, trimmed with narrow open braid overlaid upon red. Collarless yoke of tucked batiste. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 846.—Afternoon frock of white nainsook and Swiss embroidery. Yoke and elbow sleeves of tucked nainsook, finished with ruffles of embroidery and beading run with satin ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 847.—Frock of écru batiste, with very open eyeletted embroidery in Vandyked patterns. Tucked blouse with embroidery, and Charles I collar. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 848.—Frock of embroidered India linen. Square cape collar and vest in one piece, finished with embroidery and beading run with baby ribbon. Short puffed sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FROCKS FOR DRESS OCCASIONS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 849.—Frock of white albatross, briar stitched with blue silk. Skirt with fulness laid in tucks at sides, and panel effect formed by rows of briar stitching. Two shaped flounces, graduated in depth, edged with blue velvet baby ribbon. Blouse with bolero, edged with lace ruffles, and sailor collar of guipure. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 850.—Frock of pale blue silk mull, trimmed with Valenciennes inserting and edging. Skirt with two shaped flounces, graduated in depth. Blouse with yoke and vest in one piece, tucked horizontally. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 851.—Elaborate frock of white Habutai silk, trimmed with butter colored Mechlin inserting and edging. Skirt with three tucked and gathered flounces. Peplum with fulness laid in tucks. Blouse with groups of tucks, opens over inner vest of chiffon. Sailor collar and revers of silk and lace. Fancy sleeve. Girdle with sash ends of leaf green Liberty satin. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, blouse, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 852.—Frock of dotted foulard trimmed with baby ribbon and embroidery. Fulness is mounted on body with three rows of corded gathering. Yoke of tucked swiss. Shoulder pieces of foulard, trimmed with embroidery and baby ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 853.—Frock of batiste, trimmed with Valenciennes inserting. Where the inserting forms a diamond the center is inlaid with an ornament of Irish crochet lace. Flounce fulness laid in tucks. Upper part of blouse, and elbow sleeve of tucked batiste. Charles I collar of linen hand embroidered. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

USEFUL FROCKS FOR DAILY WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 32.)

Fig. 854.—Frock of rose pink voile, trimmed with inserting in two widths. Fulness at edge of skirt is arranged in inlaid box plaits. Blouse is cut square at throat. Elbow sleeves. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 855.—Simple gown of silk gingham in silver blue, trimmed with half-inch ribbon, narrow inserting, and beading. Gored skirt with two flounces, upper is mounted in Vandyked effect outlined by inserting. Blouse with tucked yoke and vest, outlined by beading run with ribbon. Double ruffle of gingham at shoulders. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 856.—Frock of pin dotted foulard in scarlet and white, trimmed with inserting forming diamonds, and narrow edging. Skirt is finished by diamonds, outlined by lace, with centers of diamond shaped medallions. Above this a band of vertical tucks is headed by inserting forming points. Diamonds form yoke and vest on blouse, which is collarless, and has elbow sleeves. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 857.—Gown of grass linen simply trimmed with tucks and self colored inserting. Blouse with sailor collar. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 858.—Sailor suit of cotton cheviot, linen crash, or thin summer woolen material. Skirt is bordered by rather broad tucks, graduated in width. Blouse has rather narrower tucks on blouse and upper sleeve. Sailor collar of deeper tone of same material, bordered with white and hand embroidered with anchors. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

(Illustrated on page 34.)

Fig. 859.—Frock of white India mull, trimmed with inserting. Tucked yoke with inserting, with ribbon bordered bertha. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 860.—Frock of embroidered eolienne, trimmed with appliqué. Gored skirt with hip yoke. Blouse slashed to give effect of lace underblouse, slashings piped and strapped with satin. Tucked yoke and elbow sleeves. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra. Separately, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $100. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 861.—Frock of fine white camel's hair, trimmed with gay Persian embroidery. Blouse with sailor collar, and revers with embroidery, over vest of horizontal tucks. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 862.—Frock of mercerized mull, trimmed with lace ruffles, and open patterned embroidery, overlaid on blue ribbon. Tucked sleeve, and deep pointed yoke, over which the blouse crosses, surplice fashion. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 863.—Frock of printed challie, trimmed with broad stitched bands of taffetas, piped with satin. These bands form epaulettes, and outline bolero on blouse, and are fastened with narrow buttoned straps to the band that forms the vest. Sleeves close fitting to just above the elbow, below which is full puff of embroidered mull. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

* * *

Mr. A. Bernard, of S. Stein & Co., Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street, New York city, sailed for Europe on the Celtic the 9th of May. He will visit the English and Scotch makers of fine goods, looking for novelties.

* * *

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

A lady went, the other day, to call upon an intimate friend. She rang and rang at the bell without the door being opened. As there was, however, a fearful din upon a piano, distinctly to be heard from within, and her errand was imperative, the caller persisted in her efforts. Suddenly the noise ceased and the cook opened the door.

"Ven de cat's avay," she explained with a smile, "den plays de mice der piano."

* * *

Bridget, who is a true daughter of Mother Church, has for many years waged a sort of civil war with her mistress who is an equally ardent Protestant. The morning after Prince Henry's visit to the opera in New York, Bridget waited on the table with an air of increased importance.

"I see," said she, "that a priest of our churrch has been very prominent wid his R'yl Highness."

"Nonsense, Bridget, what do you mean?" angrily exclaimed her mistress.

For answer Bridget held up the morning paper. "Father Knickerbocker At His Post" was the heading in "large caps."

THE LATEST THING IN GOOD LUCK CHARMS.

The superstitious girl of the day who has been wearing bunches of luck in the shape of tiny gold, ivory, coral and silver charms for the last season or two, has a new fangled idea now, and has taken to wearing bunches of keys. From three to five keys are worn on a ring and the ring is of gold, silver or a richly colored alloy of silver and copper. As a rule, the ring is attached to the hook that fastens the wearer's watch to her long neck-chain, or it hangs with the silver side-bag.

It is oval, round, wish-bone shaped, triangular or cut in the form of an open trefoil. It is chased or enameled or sprinkled with chip diamonds, and the keys upon it are of gold, or silver, and very diverse in size and pattern. None of them is more than an inch and a half in length, and they are all the guardians of precious secrets or possessions. One of these keys opens a leather covered, velvet lined, silver mounted box that contains its owner's jewelry. This key is especially made to fit a lock of extreme strength and intricacy of design, and somewhere in the key, usually in the filagree work on the handle, a group of garnets, a pink pebble topaz or a small turquoise is set.

Another tiny silver affair turns the equally small but nevertheless exceedingly stout lock of a morocco or Russia leather bound portfolio; and a third—this always a wee key of gold—secures a metal and leather band that goes all the way round the fair one's diary. Now, as a rule, on a well equipped ring, there is a fourth key that is most of the time discreetly turned on that small drawer of the dressing table, in which divers little pots of perfumed cold creams, adjustable ringlets, etc., are stowed away. A fifth key of gold, decorated at the top with a crown of seed pearls, and chased with a pretty design, was described, by the girl who first wore one of these rings, as the key to her heart. The young man who was deeply impressed by the delicacy of this sentiment, and who rather openly hinted at his ambition to make practical use of this key, was resentfully disgusted a little later to find that it was the means of unfastening the tiny padlock that held the collar of her favorite dog in place.

* * *

WHAT IT SPELLED TO HIM.

She (at the desk)—Dear, tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown."

He—Well, are you ready?

She—Yes.

He—C-o-s-t, cost—

She—Yes?

He—T-u, to—

She—Well?

He—M-e, me—thirty dollars in cash.

She—You're a wretch.

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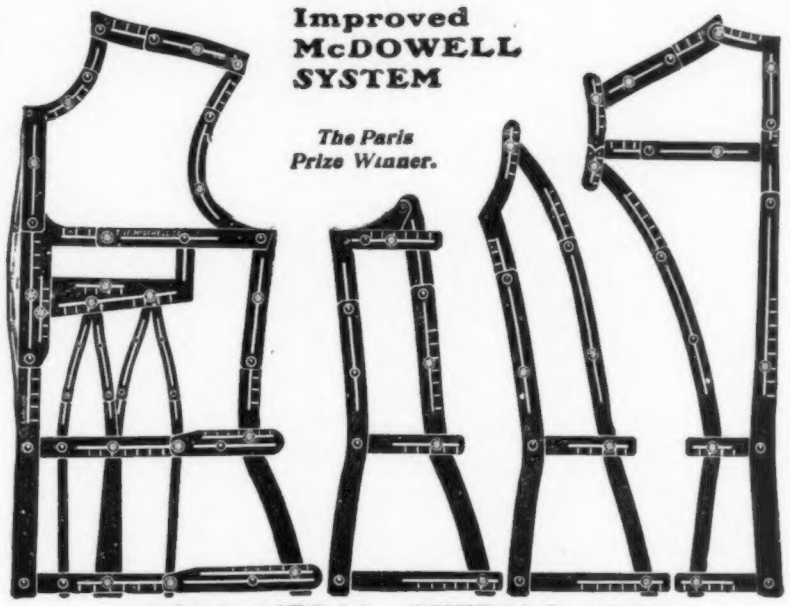

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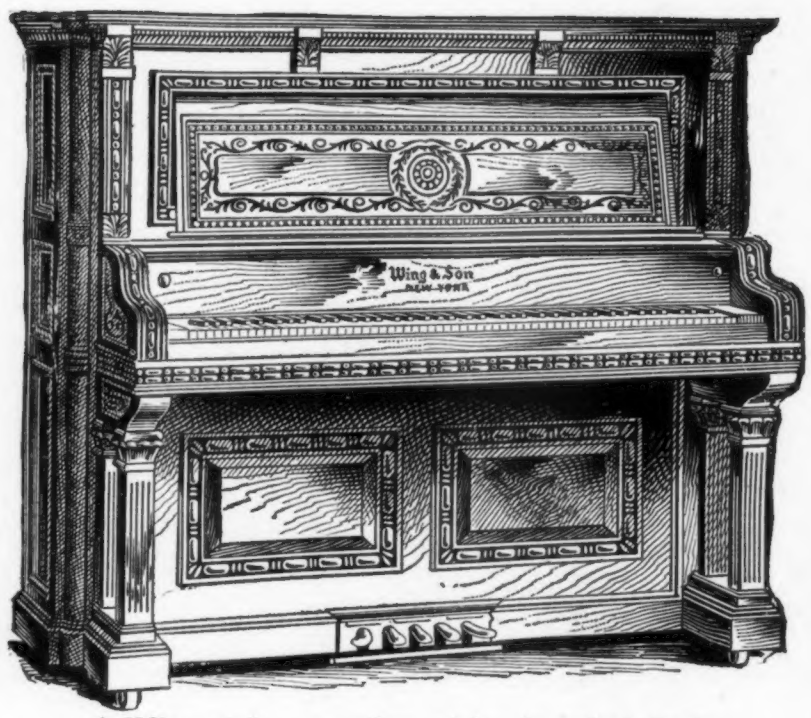

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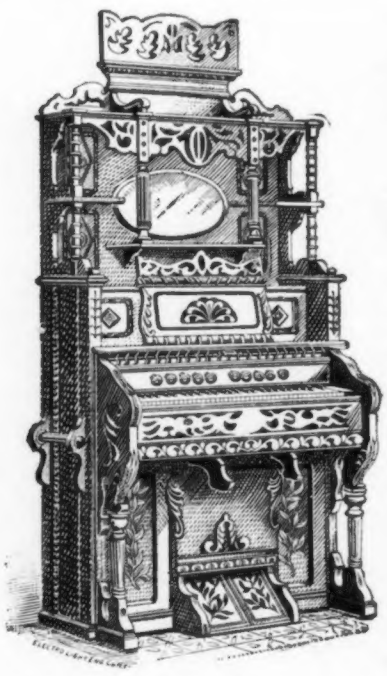

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